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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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What Do You Want?

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING, in the most remarkable book published in English this year, strikes off in a paragraph an image of the siren fascination of America. There never was a country where success on a low plane of culture, but still success, was so easily gained, where so many lived fully and lived intensely in their pursuit of progress. The saint who fails of perfect saintliness, the artist who does not master his craft, the idealist who never gets his theory into practice are not so fully alive, not so happy, as the vigorous American who sets a house, an automobile, a good business, and an education for his children as his objectives, and reaches them by middle age.

"Don't knock, boost," says the slogan, now a little dusty. It is the same idea. To turn up the intellectual nose at the rough and tumble of American life is a gesture just a little absurd in folk who can afford to be supercilious only because their ancestors were willing to rough it in mixed society. The pallid individual, neurotic from too little action, emotionally starved, who looks down upon the vulgar because they live too hard, talk loud, laugh heartily, is an irritating by-product of a civilization that has to be energetic or go under. To live life fully is the first requisite for worthy living on any plane, and therefore a tipsy bootlegger shooting his car at sixty miles an hour across the border, is probably nearer heaven in the philosophic as well as the slang sense, than a thin-blooded clerk drying in a shop corner or a critic of everything that has the demerit of still existing.

Yet a full-blooded civilization, whose richest satisfactions come from success in adventurous trading, is not far removed from barbarism, healthy perhaps, cheerful probably, but still barbarism. It is not our condition, yet, nor does Keyserling expect it, but it is one of several possible curves along which American society may travel. It is an inescapable curve for the easily successful who do not lift up their minds and hearts.

* * *

Pastors recommend religion under various labels for a state of high living on a low plane, teachers, education, psychologists, a better regimen for the pre-school child, statesmen, American idealism without saying just what they mean, radicals, a brand new set of institution, physical culturists, better biceps. We, for our part, affirm that the American soul (call it spirit or consciousness of self if you please) is pitifully small by comparison with American shrewdness or American energy. Of ways of access to that soul there are many, doubtless the best being personal contact with those of greater soul than our own, example having always been more powerful than argument. When the U. S. A. in addition to supplying a post office and a federal building to every American city provides a sage, a saint, or a hero whose job is merely to live there, we shall advance faster on the road to high civilization.

Yet in default of flesh and blood exemplars there are those luminous projections of men's souls—good books. Critical journals are always accused of too much concern for Art. There cannot be too much concern for art, although it may be narrowly and even offensively expressed, but even the unæsthetic should demand better books because it is not merely advisable, it is imperative, that the taste in reading of a rich and successful nation should lift, not remain static or decline. Souls' dimensions are involved.

Taste is not improved by command. "Read better books" makes a good slogan, but what *are* better books, and what *is* a better book for you—a true romance, a novel of the inner life, this

(*Continued on Page* 137)

Solomon Nash

By Daniel Henderson

BUTCHER, baker and candy-maker—
Their shops are thronged, their counters jammed;
But Solomon Nash, the undertaker,
Is passed by people as though he were damned.

Solomon Nash, in his empty place,
Has yet invisible traffickers,
And serves with quiet, considerate grace
His impalpable customers,

Seeking with rosewood and silver handles
To lend a dignity to doom;
Hovering where the sentry candles
Gild with sanctity the gloom.

What though now in the gay parade
With eyes avoiding men hurry past
At all the counters of life to trade:
He knows they will come to him at last.

Solomon Nash will nurse no grudge
That he is shunned by the living hosts
Because Lord Death has made him drudge:
They will know his gentleness, when they are ghosts!

This Week

"This Old Man." Reviewed by *William McFee.*

"The Trap." Reviewed by *Hamish Miles.*

"Wanderings." Reviewed by *H. W. Boynton.*

"The Northeast Corner." Reviewed by *Louis Untermeyer.*

"Tibet Past and Present." Reviewed by *Kenneth Saunders.*

"Bertram Goodhue." Reviewed by *A. T. North.*

Next Week, or Later

"The Venetian Glass Nephew." Reviewed by *Carl Van Vechten.*

"Professor's House." Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

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Uncrowned King of Sussex

By Cameron Rogers

WHEN Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, the uncrowned King of Sussex, died in his eighty-third year on November 9, 1922, there were but few of that vivid fellowship of his youth and manhood to observe upon it or to note the unfilled niche among the last of the great Victorians. Blunt who had shocked these many times and had chidden them thunderously from afar off for their sinewed faith in imperialism and their heavy footed stumbling among people who abhorred them; prophesying evil for England in the East and evil for England in Ireland; Blunt, the mad prophet of an enfranchised Islam and the ægis of Arabi, had after all outlived them as he had outhated and outsung them. They could never quite understand him. Perhaps in their holloing in the spoor marks of Cromer and Kitchener they never wished to, feeling that he was in some inexcusable way " a wrong un" though the kinsman of noblemen and himself one of the greatest gentlemen in England. In a manner incredibly magnificent he had betrayed his caste, wronged the salt of his own great Southern holdings, the coverts of Crabbet, and the Jacobean suzerainty of Newbuildings. He left England to ride abroad in the Saharan open upon a steel-thewed barb as arrogant as himself, to ride in a burnous as white as the sunlight, the handsomest face in Europe outthrust, urgent as a hawk's, to perceive the tyrannies and the follies of his countrymen in the land of his adoption.

To leave Sussex for a vast pagan household in the Sahara, pitched in the very shadow of the tomb of a Muslim Saint! Sheikh El Obeyd and Newbuildings! Monstrous. The m· was a comedian. And yet El Sheikh El Obe ecame suddenly a noise in the land and in less gaol of Khartoum another protestant his voice, though his own beat quite upon the ear-drums of a Grand Old Ma. certain of Her Majesty's service who had with the emirs at Abu Klea and El Teb called in evil levity Gordon's Old Murderer.

* * *

Blunt at Sheikh El Obeyd befriended Arabi though he might not avert the punishment that crushed his crusade with the guns of Tel-el-Kebir. His convictions became a hail of little shafts that from the quivers of bookbindings made him a malison in the eyes of right-thinking England. And then he swept into England and shortly therefrom into Ireland where he opposed England with such glittering crescendoes that he passed into Kilmainham gaol for a few months, as delighted as a child.

Ah, Blunt! Incurable case. And yet from his birth in 1840 to 1869 when the diplomacy of his country was bereaved of his services, he had been all that a landed gentleman of heritage and presence should be. Something in the eyes of his equally endowed contemporaries, had then gone wrong. But what? Poet, diplomat, sculptor, author, sportsman, traveller, and a lover of many conquests, his were qualities sufficient, one might think, to guarantee sound British political views. But, alas, not so. Imperialism became

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in his mind a murrain laid upon him personally, a sickness to be delivered from and from which to deliver others. And he strove for this deliverance while his peers snorted with annoyance and fumed with a perfectly justifiable irritation.

And of course in the meantime he had married the granddaughter of Lord Byron and there is no doubt he found reserves in the blood and bone of the Noels.

What a honeymoon and what a marriage. On foot, on horses, this vibrant couple made of the whole Orient their playground and of Africa their especial village green. Arabic was as their own language to them and in them as in that other dark genius, Sir Richard Burton, the Bedawi strain seemed stronger than the Saxon.

Curiously enough Blunt had but little profit or pleasure from the evening when he and Sir Richard came into each other's company. Sir Richard's fault, no doubt, since he cast those hypnotic eyes so dreadfully upon Wilfrid that the latter raised a navy revolver against him and threatened to pistol him if he did not at once desist. Yet in one way the two would not have made an ill-assorted couple.

Blunt labored his whole life long with a changing mind upon matters spiritual. He had come under the influence of Newman who, he would say, had wrought a miracle upon him. He had been more than once upon the point of a fervent and orthodox Catholicism, and then always he waited, wrestled anew with himself, and lived on beyond the extended handgrip of the church. Islam beckoned and to his dear friend the Grand Mufti, he more than once nearly made the profession of faith. He did not. Still he wrestled. One year of barren combat he determined to make an end of doubt and set out upon a journey of forty days to interview the chieftain temporal and spiritual of the Senussi whose power went forth from Jerabub near Tripoli. His guide was of the Senussi, and his pilgrimage lay among their fellowship, yet the convert-to-be was set upon and beaten, robbed and sorely injured, more, however, in his faith than in his body. So doubts returned again fourfold and he wrestled and still wrestled.

In moments between this spiritual rough and tumbling, preaching, riding, and making love, he wrote. He wrote poetry that will live as long as anthologists exist to anthologize, such poetry as the first of that couple of superb sonnets:

O world, in very truth thou art too young;
When wilt thou learn to wear the garb of age?
World, with thy covering of yellow flowers,
Hast thou forgot what generations sprung
Out of thy loins and loved thee and are gone?
Hast thou no place in all their heritage
Where thou dost only weep, that I may come
Nor fear the mockery of thy yellow flowers?
O world, in very truth thou art too young,
The heroic wealth of passionate emprize
Built thee fair cities for thy naked plains.
How hast thou set thy summer growth among
The broken stones which were their palaces!
Hast thou forgot the darkness where he lies
Who made thee beautiful, or have thy bees
Found out his grave to build their honeycombs?

And certainly his prose will live as long as Ireland or the British occupation of Egypt are of interest to the world. But of the two it is his verse that is the more endurable. There had come quite early the Sonnets of Proteus of which Oscar Wilde in a review of "In Vinculis," sterner ones written a decade or so later from Kilmainham Gaol, remarked with a pleasant smugness that not a few were shameful. Oh, the usage the "nineties" gave that word! In any case they were love sonnets for a multitude of loves inspired Wilfrid. Esther and Manon and Juliet and a many more. There is for instance for those who care to look for it, that translucent acrostic subtly entitled "A Cuckoo Song" to a young noblewoman who could not well have been more beautiful than her name.

Not all were in this vein, however. There is "The Wind and The Whirlwind" which blew into England out of Egypt clamant with an indignant warning and whose ending has proved not unprophetic:

Therefore I do not grieve. Oh hear me, Egypt! Even in death thou art not wholly dead. And hear me, England! Nay. Thou needs must hear me. I had a thing to say. And it is said.

It was even nobly said but it left nevertheless the nerves of the future Lord Cromer astonishingly unruffled. That this was so must have been a keen disappointment to Blunt for he abominated Baring. In an elder day he would have called him out and run him through with a sense of great service to mankind, but custom in the closing decades of the nineteenth century hampered this solution. Invective was the only weapon in genteel usage and though invective Blunt could use as a rapier, sabre, or bludgeon with equal dexterity, yet the old fox remained unperturbed. *In Blunt's journals we read of the eventual kill*, however, and Wilfrid triumphant with the mask at his saddle-bow.

As the torrential course of his life bore him through the fifties he began to settle slowly back into the comely embrace of his Sussex properties and El Sheikh became more and more the Squire. There was the Arab stud of Lady Anne and the annual sales at Crabbet where were assembled year after year men, women, and horses of the best blood in England. His contemporaries and his peers among the old landed gentry entertained a profound admiration for Blunt the host and great gentleman. They confounded this aspect not at all with the political one and though Arthur Balfour, Chief Secretary of Ireland in 1887, refused Wilfrid permission to have his fur great-coat in Kilmainham Gaol, he was observed to borrow it himself one nipping afternoon at Crabbet a short while later as he set out to view the stud. "May I just take this coat, Wilfrid?" How pleasant a request for Blunt to grant.

Indeed many of them chose entirely to disregard what they considered a lamentable and incurable mania in a man whose heritage and ancestry was as illustrious and as rooted in the island tradition as those of the Percys themselves. Blunt's kinsman, for instance, the beautiful and brilliant George Wyndham, preserved during the whole of his lifetime great love and respect for Wilfrid, and when he was apprehended in the midst of astonishing rhetoric on the properties of that sinister nobleman, the last Earl of Clanricarde, he of the balas ruby bracelets and brutalized tenantry, and taken thence to gaol, Wyndham as who should say, poor lad, another seizure, allowed none of his affection to expire.

* * *

In those as in later days there was brave company at Crabbet and great dinners where Lady Anne at one end of the long long table, when she spoke to the guest upon her right or left, would in a gesture born of an enforced habit, crane to observe if her words were approved by the squire though no spoken syllables could carry a quarter of this distance to his ears.

But the granddaughter of Lord Byron of Rochdale died long before her storm riding husband. The twentieth century found Wilfrid sadly depressed with apparently but one pleasure in life, the harrying of Cromer, grown now of an apoplectic habit and pictured by Sargent "like a profiteer on one of his own packing cases."

George Wyndham the beloved died in his prime and men of Wilfrid's own and older generation were missed daily from the august windows of Brook's or Buck's or White's, to be recalled only by tablets in the Abbey and the succession of their estates.

The war moved him, but not greatly. He still abominated imperialism though the thunder of his denunciations had fled, spent, into skies dead years before.

And then there occurred the tragedy of Lady Anne's Arab stud, the great Crabbet stud, famous for two generations. His daughter, once the wife of the Honorable Neville Lytton and now the Baroness Wentworth, removed the stud by legal processes from his to her possession. A redoubtable lady by all accounts. Not filial perhaps but with the wills of Blunt and Byron so welded together within her character that the possessor of only one of them, handicapped by age and the utter lack of legal rights, could hardly hope to rout her. And so passed the jewel of his later days.

One morning in August, 1920 I drove from Greatham in company with Wilfrid and Alice Meynell to Newbuildings. We found Blunt like a high and ancient tower and clad in a flowing desert garment, superintending the inspection of a comely mare while the nephew of Chinese Gordon felt the slender forelegs and satin quarters. We passed into the Jacobean beauty of Newbuildings, where the newelled staircase and the Morris tapestry, the Chippendale and the Jacobean furniture and the pictures of his beloved horses, the Godolphin Arab, the Spotted Polish stallion, the Darnley Arab, and his own superb Mesaud wrought an atmosphere that lapped one about like tangible stuffs, glowing and magical. We drank a very ancient white Burgundy and watched a pheasant single-foot through a little place apart where Francis Thomson had lived his last few pitiful days.

There was no tumult here of riven Egypt and tossing Ireland. Peace was inhaled and exhaled like a satisfying smoke. He was in his eighty-first year and the men he had befriended or hated, protected or attacked, were all dead. Arabi was dead and Cromer, who had devised his ruin, and Kitchener who had perpetrated the outrage of Omdurman. All dead and the issues of their labors fast following them. In Newbuildings there was an extraordinary peace, a thing intimately connected with cadent sunlight and repose after hard work. He died unshriven by the church beyond whose walls he had spent a lifetime making up his mind to turn for the solution of all things to Rome. He desired no priest, no masses. He was buried in his own soil in the most beautiful woodland in the world, and the hares lollop by and the pheasants cukker the seasons through above his unregarding head. It is conceivable that the uncrowned king of Sussex whose abilities were so many and so varied that they jostled each other in their rush for expression deserves to share with Antony the spoken epitaph

There is nothing left remarkable
Under the visiting moon.

In Quiet Mood

THIS OLD MAN. By GERTRUDE BONE. With drawings by Muirhead Bone. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MCFEE

HERE is a book, of genuine beauty and excellence, for the quiet hour. It is a work upon which everyone concerned, author, artist, publisher, printer, papermaker, and binder, can be whole-heartedly congratulated. It would bring an expression of approval even from those stern and implacable craftsmen, the binders of fine books.

The story itself is a sure and capable study of English country folk. It is full of entrancing pictures of their life, the seasons, the fecund earth under their feet, of which they are indissolubly a part, and the cloud-flecked skies above them, towards which their eyes turn with practical candor for signs of changing weather. It is a study essentially of a static civilization. The people trudge on foot, or ride a mile or two in a cart, or prepare with portentous solemnity for a journey to London by train. They do not move, in a general way, much more than Hardy's Wessex folk. They are sharply contrasted with the country folk of New England, with their electric light and power plants in their cellars, their telephones and motor cars and nationally advertised provender. We are reminded, in reading "This Old Man", that we are essentially modified by the means of communication we adopt. It is for us to decide whether the spirit of the countryside, as depicted in a book like this, is worth preserving and whether it can be preserved, in our era of swift travel.

The difficulty confronting the reviewer, in commending Mrs. Bone's book to American readers, is to account for its lack of problems. It propounds nothing. There is neither adultery nor any other of the complications of sex which seem indispensable to many modern folk to stimulate their literary digestive tracts. The characters have never heard of glands, Freud, or repressed desires. They explain perhaps why it is that England has less crime than many single cities and States in America.

But there is a pathos in the figure of old John Dutton, bereft of his Mary, which will compensate many for the lack of the more conven-

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tional methods of exciting interest. John is very old-fashioned. John has been so unaware of his own personality that when his wife dies after forty years of wedlock, he seemed lost. "Hadn't nobody to tell him things, only Mary." And Mary was gone. "Vision and prescience and the powers of love and sorrow held him." In those who would take his place new qualities were emerging and old virtues were already discredited." He went on across the harvested fields a solitary figure, cherishing in his bewildered bosom the beautiful dream of his Savior which had come to him. He had killed his old horse (because he could not bear anyone else should have him), and he was waiting patiently to follow all he loved into the beyond.

A lovely book for a quiet hour.

One More Stage

THE TRAP. By DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAMISH MILES

AND so, for the eighth time, Miriam Henderson trickles sandily through her predestined hour-glass. One more stage measured. One more pallid dawn suffuses the Euston Road. Grain by grain, Miriam has slipped through the upper bubble to the lower. Turn over the contraption the other way up (the glass is clean and dry)—and there, once again, patiently marking off a ninth furlong of time, the same sand will accomplish the same journey: one more novel will have been tacked on to Miss Richardson's untiring sequence.

This exordium perhaps suggests a yawn. But "The Trap," to those who have had the sustained curiosity to follow Miriam Henderson through her seven previous episodes, is certainly not wearisome in itself. The setting is characteristic in the extreme: Miss Richardson is a passionate regionalist in her fidelity to a rather dingy Bloomsbury. And the sense of character in the dialogue, especially in the thinnish lips of Miss Selina Holland, is so accurate that often it seems positively to become audible as one reads. No, it is not exactly tedium that closes in on one's mind as the last page is turned, but a painfully growing suspicion that Miss Richardson has no definite knowledge of where she is leading us. And by now this is becoming a serious complaint. Eight times now we have been left in mid-air. A ninth stage, marked "Oberland," is promised us. But nine, nineteen, ninety, what does it matter if we are left with nothing but a distant glimpse of the Waste Land?

The trap in question here is Miriam's attempt at achieving a shared life. Gone is the fusty companionableness of the well-remembered boarding house. The spire of St. Pancras Church comes into sight, and somewhere behind it Miriam is discovered by the abruptly rising curtain, settling into a large room in a quiet old courtyard-street, which, with the aid of a long curtain, she is to share with Miss Holland, lay-social-worker:

"I saw you did not like the idea of sacking, though I think it might have been made quite pretty, painted artistically, as I am sure you could have done it, with a Grecian key pattern or something of the kind, along the border."

She (Miss Holland) had spoken standing near the heaped material conciliatingly, and now bent and caught gingerly at an end, as if uncertain of its mood.

"Still, I thought I would get this. It is the new stuff they are calling 'casement cloth,' in quality rather like a fine 'crash.' Very durable, and not ruinous in price."

"Perfect. Tones with the floor and my crocks. But you must let me pay. It's my extravagance.' '

"Not at all. I quite like it. I shall certainly contribute my share. Your things are here. They are charming. I perceive that you have excellent taste."

But of course the gritty individualism of Miriam proves an insoluble element. There is a violent though almost silent clash of temperament when Miriam takes Miss Holland out of reach of the casement cloth curtain to a little foreign restaurant.

She sat back, unwilling to go, looking out into the room as if unaware of Miss Holland's preparations to depart, following immediately on her last sip of the excellent coffee . . . .

"It is now," said Miss Holland, glancing at her wrist-watch, "well past midnight. This has been an unique experience. And, just for this once, I do not object to it. But it must certainly not be repeated."

Miriam gazed at her. She was blushing. She had seen all that there was to see. Miriam remembered her own first horror. But that had been alone and in youthful ignorance.

I'm sorry you don't like my little haunt."

"It is scarcely that. The place is clean and pleasant and doubtless a great convenience to many people. But dear me, dear me, I can only imagine the horror of my chief in beholding me sitting here, and at such an hour."

Imperceptibly the elements are prepared for explosion by an argument over Schopenhauer, and at last, after Miriam has inexcusably delayed fulfilling a trifling favor for her fellow-lodger the fatal spark rips the discreet curtain: through it breaks an awful truth about Miriam:

. . . . came Miss Holland's most fastidious voice: "Had it been made to a *man*, your promise would at once have been carried out."

And in making small amends under the shadow of failure, brooding at night over her essential loneliness ("Profanity. My everlasting profanity.") Miriam Henderson, *aetat* twenty-eight, is left ready, in spirit, to make a fresh start after emerging from this side-track. Thoughts and memories out of the past assail her in the darkness like moths. There is a noisy scuffle of a drunken couple in the room above. It cuts into her solitude, queerly reinforcing what she had learned, "that she was going away from this corner where she had been dying by inches." And the last words of the book are simply: "Away. Away . . ."

So we may expect another volume without one more hint being given us of whither we are being led. And in the meanwhile, we may wonder whether Miss Richardson has not perhaps mistaken her admirable economy of expression for fineness of form, whether the spiritual borderline between the novel and the short story is not being tampered with, whether it is not a pity that Miss Richardson should be permanently astride of her one hobbyhorse of a Miriam—are they utterly inseparable? But no doubt we shall open the ninth book, and read, and still be wondering.

Silhouette by Heinrich Wolff of Immanuel Kant.

From "Immanuel Kant." (Open Court Pub. Co.)

Frustration

WANDERINGS. By ROBERT HERRICK. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

MR. HERRICK'S "output" of fiction has been so small in recent years that readers who value the remembrance of his best work are sure to take up anything new of his with more than common interest. Within his range, he is an artist of assured quality. His manner keeps alive the best tradition of the American '90's, when Howells was revered model for all our young realists. Already that manner is a little of the old school. There are old-fashioned people left to enjoy it; but unluckily for old-fashioned people, Herrick's matter does not match his manner; nor is it, on the other hand, pronounced and emphatic enough to please the new-fashioned people. For these reasons, we suspect, the author of "Waste" and "Homely Lilla" is neither hay nor grass to the present generation of book-buyers. His realistic treatment of sex is the commonplace of to-day, and gains nothing from being dressed in the demoded raiment of the literary gentleman and scholar. Your popular novelist does not now converse distantly and elegantly with his hearer, but awards him a poke in the eye and the hoarse assurance that he may take that and be damned. Naturally the hearer acquires a robust taste for effrontery, and finds quiet manners a bit tame and even "sissy."

But in truth there is something in Robert Herrick that a healthy reader may properly distrust if not resent. Once, in "Clark's Field," he struck the affirmative note. That was a book with a surge and a lift: we don't mean splurge and uplift, but at least a slight rising inflection. Hardly before that, and never since, has he struck this note. His dominant mood is skeptical, melancholy, and alas, often merely plaintive. A sort of subdued and well-bred whine is audible beneath or within the careful music of his utterance. His favorite theme is frustration. His men are self-centered emotional fumblers, who never quite get what they want. His women are pale, elusive subjects for emotional fumbling. So it has been in his long-drawn novels, so it is in the long-drawn stories collected under the title "Wanderings."

One of these tales, or sketches, "The Passions of Trotsky", is a study of dog personality embroidered with reflections and analogies bearing on the meaning of the human scene. Like many skeptics about human nature, Mr. Herrick evidently believes in dogs. It takes a good deal of a dog-lover to warm to his present hero, a furniture-smashing, child-biting nuisance whose sole merit seems to be his egotistic "devotion" to two persons. Why is that abased hankering for human attention considered so beautiful a phenomenon in a dog?

The other three stories are studies in middle-aged romance. "The Adventures of Ti Chatte" is the least successful of them. Extravagant comedy is not at all in Robert Herrick's "line"; and he makes rather heavy weather of it here. He uses the ancient situation of two persons, male and female and rather inimical to each other, cast away on a desert island. The woman is modern, cool, detached, but dainty and feminine in person, and we know what is bound to happen to her companion in solitude. Even her confession that she is a grandmother (the kick of the piece) does not daunt him.

"Magic" and "The Stations of the Cross" are in Mr. Herrick's grand manner: slow-moving, beautifully "written" studies in middle-aged frustration. In both, the theme is the piteous isolation of the creature man.

North of Whitman

THE NORTHEAST CORNER. By FREDERICK R. MCCREARY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

AN unknown whose name is Frederick R. McCreary, offers a little volume of free verse. The titles of his poems are "The Sowing." "The Earth Ripens," "The Southwest Wind," "May Moon," "Midsummer," "White Roads," and so on. "Oh, Yes," we murmur, scarcely troubling to suppress the yawn, "a little more stuff of the soil, barnyard bucolics with a dash of Imagism." And then we open the unpretentious book at random—and turn back to the beginning. This is what the first page has to say to us:

April is a man
Coming at dusk out of the fat loins of the hills,
Coming darkly with a heavy step,
Pushing a plough and splitting the earth open,
Splitting it open, revealing the night.
He smiles never, neither does he cry out;
Tramping far, tramping wide,
His breath is a gray mist
And a black rain follows in his footsteps.

And April is a woman
Waiting with long fingers of willow,
When she laughs
Forsythia runs golden along the fences,
When she weeps
Pansies look up with compassion.

This vigor of phrase is apparent on every one of McCreary's ninety pages, a breadth and inclusiveness that summon the spirits of Whitman and Sandburg. The masculine intensity suggests the older rhapsodist, but the tone of voice, the assembling of images and the metaphysical implications remind us of the poet of "Slabs of the Sunburnt West." Yet McCreary's mysticism is his own; even such pastels as "Sand Memory" and "Blind" (recalling the mist farms of the mid-Westerner) are as far removed from Sandburg as they are, with their New England overtones, north of Whitman. New England itself is proclaimed in the title-poem with

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even more major chords than were struck to celebrate that "hickory wedge of a nation" in Amy Lowell's "Lilacs."

Little hills that I carry in the pockets of my breast,
Great hills pinched into peaks by the long strong fingers of the past
Where my heart buckles down in humility,
Where my heart strides up into pride.

This is, obviously, emotional writing. But it is emotion disciplined, shaped by the very contours of the low hills and farm sunsets of which McCreary loves to sing. Rarely does this poet raise his voice above a conversational pitch; the level of his tone is that of fluent talk. But what colorful talk it is! In the five pages of "Before Winter" (a poem that will not die within a season or two) there are more vivid but always natural illuminations than in most volumes of determined picturesqueness; the lines brim with figures as rich as "The thunder went talking itself back to the dark hills," "crickets sharpening their sickles against the late August moon," 'Autumn . . . seated in a crotch of the hills, supping from a half-empty cup," "autumn is the sound of a door softly closing at dusk." The poem itself, as well as such poems as "Horizon," "Purse of the Wind," and "The Sowing," calls for complete quotation. Only in its cumulative vigor and tenderness does this new voice express itself—a voice which, once heard, haunts the listener after many older and louder accents are blurred. No reader with an ear for sensitive communication will forget the warm, woody *timbre* which distinguishes "The Northeast Corner."

An Asiatic State

TIBET PAST AND PRESENT. By Sir Charles Bell. New York: Oxford University Press. 1924. $8.

Reviewed by Kenneth Saunders
Author of "Epochs of Buddhist History"

A FULL history of Tibet can hardly yet be written. It will be the task of later generations, perhaps, to sift the mass of material, and to decipher the inscriptions. Meantime this work of Sir Charles Bell gives us in a handy and very attractive form accurate information as to the geography and some phases of the early history of this inaccessible land. All this is contained in the first six chapters, and then we pass on to the main part of the book, nine-tenths of which is the story of how "sullen hostility was changed into cordial friendship." The governments concerned are those of Britain and of Tibet, and the protagonists are the author and "His Holiness," the Dalai Lama.

Sir Charles Bell is a diplomat of a fine type, patient, honest, courteous, and loyal; and if he still lacks something of the new angle of vision in matters Asiatic that is inevitable. His long life of service has been spent in India, and the most important parts of it in dealing with the more backward peoples of the northeastern frontier. For them he has the cordial good-will and respect which Englishmen have proved by long experience to be the open sesame to the hearts of such peoples. In this no doubt all peoples are similar; yet the Anglo-Saxon likes best and understands most readily the less complex races. Sir Charles shows rather less appreciation of Chinese and of Indians than of Tibetans, Bhutanese, and Lepchas. He is, indeed, sometimes harsh in his judgments of these greater and more baffling races; and in this he is also perhaps typically Anglo-Saxon. How many a time have I met the Indian army officer, who while he has no use for Indians in general, swears by his own Dogras, Sikhs, or Jats!

Tibet has three strong neighbors, China, India, and Russia: desiring to keep her independence she has looked in turn to each of these, and Sir Charles's view is that her ancient respect for China has been undermined by the methods of Chinese officials and that, "Russia being now almost powerless," she has decided to strengthen her bonds with British India, which desires her friendship and even more, perhaps, regards her as a buffer state. It may be noted, however, so rapidly do things move in the Orient, that Russia is rapidly regaining her ascendency there, and that she is doing it by a magnanimous attitude and a readiness to make concessions alike to China and to Japan. About the Dalai Lama we learn much: he is revealed here as a frank, sincere, and shrewd man of action, strict in his religious duties, yet keeping a watchful eye upon all the affairs of his realm. Sir Charles has spent two years in intimate association with him, partly at Kalimpong when the Lama was in exile, and partly in Lhasa, where he went in response to the repeated invitation of his friend. We get also an attractive picture of the Tashi Lama, whose headquarters have sometimes been looked upon as a rival stronghold to Lhasa, and who is himself believed throughout Tibet to be an incarnation of a Buddha. The attractive pictures Sir Charles draws of these two "living gods" of Tibet will come as a surprise to most readers—even to many scholars, who have thought of its Buddhism as almost hopelessly corrupt. They and much else will throw new light on this obscure field of Tibetan Buddhism. For the rest the book, with its many admirable illustrations (some of them from colored photographs by the author), its good maps, and its thirty-five pages of appendices dealing with the treaties and agreements between Tibet and other countries, does much to illuminate the field of Tibet in its political bearings and its ethnological relations. The careful student of Asiatic affairs may see in it another promise of a new era of friendship and mutual respect. Here in the author, at any rate, is a man who knows the language and respects the traditions and even the prejudices of the people among whom he works. Here above all is one who, though he may not like to be told so, has a genius for friendship with men of another race and that in the end of the day is what counts. His is a fine book, sincere, accurate, and very readable: the story of a great trust loyally and intelligently kept.

A Notable Book

THE CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT: A Brief Summary of the Spiritual Tradition in Christianity. By Francis G. Peabody. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by Benjamin W. Bacon
Yale University

THIS little book by the Plummer Professor (emeritus) of Christian morals in Harvard University concludes a notable series. "Jesus Christ and the Social Question" and "The Apostle Paul and the Modern World" already had given proof of that beauty of character combined with rich study and culture which distinguish Professor Peabody and make every contribution from him welcome not only at home but in foreign lands. The present volume forms a fit sequel to the great work by Sabatier which Protestants cherish as one of the bulwarks of their faith: "Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit." Needless to say Professor Peabody pleads for the Church of the Spirit as "the whole body of Christ's faithful people," that "communion of saints" which is "the holy catholic Church."

The book is full of sweet reasonableness, but is strongest in its opening chapters. Difficulties come with the application. The kind of church catholic which Professor Peabody describes is surely that which presents the true Christian ideal. The dangers, inward and outward, which it must overcome are largely such as he anticipated. The ideal commands now, as ever, the highest faith and hope and loyalty of the individual Christian. But how is it to secure those practical results to which Dr. Peabody beyond many others aspires? How will it work toward Christianizing the social order? For coöperative efficiency men must agree as to ways and means. It is the problem of giving outward form and application to the deeper unity of the Spirit that brings our real perplexities. How shall the Church of the Spirit permeate and dominate the church visible in its various partial combinations and fellowships, so that its united force may be felt in the task of world-redemption? Professor Peabody gives helpful suggestions, and his beautiful and poetic presentation of the ideal inspires and quickens our faith, but the gap between ideal and real, between hope and practice, is not yet bridged. The men of goodwill are still the true heirs of the kingdom. But how hard it is for them to give tangible, organic efficient form to the unity of the Spirit!

A Master Architect

BERTRAM GROSVENOR GOODHUE—ARCHITECT AND MASTER OF MANY ARTS. By Hartley Burr Alexander, Ralph Adams Cram, George Ellery Hale, Lee Lawrie, C. Howard Walker, and Charles Harris Whitaker. New York: American Institute of Architects. 1925. $30.

Reviewed by Arthur T. North
The American Architect

THE possibility of the development of a distinctive American architecture is a debated question. The proponents of such a possibility are those architects who possess creative instinct, courage, and vision, the source of all artistic impulse. The opponents are those who pursue the same and unquestioned course of good form based on accepted precedents, the expert utilizers of the creative genius of the ancients. American architecture is distinguished as reminiscent and lacking in vigor and character. It is true that an industrial age has compelled us to develop types of building construction peculiar to this country. The architectural design of the enclosing walls has been limited usually to the impossible attempt of adapting styles developed for one story temples most splendidly in the past, to modern multi-storied buildings.

Architecture is the one fine art that is least generally appreciated. This deplorable condition, affecting that essential art, is due entirely to the lack of popular criticism such as has been so potent in developing literature, painting, sculpture, music, the drama, even the movies and the sports. All artists, except architects, know that a poorly executed work will be severely criticised. The architect knows that no public criticism will be made of his work and that Americans generally have no fine sense of architecural values. The stimulus of criticism has been denied to him and the art has suffered accordingly.

Many samples of individualistic architecture can be found in almost every community, usually unimportant and badly designed. The same can be said of the other arts. They are the individualistic works of mediocrity. Withal, the emergence of a genuine distinctive American architecture is demonstrated by the works of Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue. Important works of his creation are found in many places. One does not hurriendly scan the two hundred and seventy-six plates of illustrations which this book contains. That is impossible. The varied and insistent charm, the challenge to discover the elusive thing that compels our interested analysis, causes us to study and perhaps dream a little. We return to it again and again for the sheer pleasure of a communion with beautiful things and perhaps are better fortified for the things that are to come. That the client who accepts these non-academic and characteristic designs is in control of great projects, is certain evidence that America has an increasing architectural clientèle, discriminating and cultured, which demands a better architecture. Goodhue and a few others have satisfied this demand as it grows.

Goodhue did not have an academic training in architecture; perhaps it was his good fortune. It left him free from the habit of seeing architecture in terms of classical styles, which is so carefully instilled in American architectural students. He was a born architect; a master draughtsman who

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could clearly present his conceptions in the most skillful manner.

His first work was confined principally to ecclesiastical buildings done in collaboration with Ralph Adams Cram and Charles Francis Wentworth. This class of buildings is not always confined to the Gothic styles as many may suppose, but Goodhue chose to employ that style because it permits great latitude and freedom of arrangement and detail in contradistinction of the Classical styles, the details of whose five orders are standardized, moduled, and fixed—standardized art if that is possible. Being a born architect his choice was inevitable. He expressed his belief that Mediæval Gothic is now impossible and must remain such, but that the Gothic of today must be of our own times if it be vital, beautiful, true, good, and therefore, Art. At the same time we must retain all of the old ideals and materials. Another belief was that nothing that apes the past is genuine Art as the whole of modern civilization is based on other ideals.

While Goodhue attained an outstanding success in his designing of Gothic churches, he dreamed of something very much bigger and finer and more modern and more suited to our present-day civilization than any Gothic church could possibly be. His untimely death prevented his realization of that dream, unfortunately for architecture, but it may be a challenge for those who may be inspired by his work and example. He had that rare trait of versatility which enabled him to design buildings of all kinds in a masterly manner, as well as sculpture, and type pages and borders, book designs, book plates, imprints and tail-pieces. To the most massive and boldly designed structure and to the minute and intricate details of a tabernacle, he gave infinite study, the results of a tremendous energy that must find expression. No finer and more diversified concurrent work could be conceived. When studied it arouses a feeling that a truly great master has been among us.

What Do You Want?

(*Continued from page* 133)

"Travel Diary of a Philopher," by Keyserling, a study of animal evolution, a history of the thirteenth century in France? If *The Saturday Review* is to help, it must transcend in its contents the present interests of any average man, although to be beyond them would destroy its function. The literary artist is not concerned with taste: his job is art as the scholar's is truth, and for them to have other ends, to say, "let us rush to the aid of a crass civilization and give it what it needs," is merely to be prigs instead of artists and scholars. But the philosopher sees that literature and scholarship must and can be used to raise the spirits and enlarge the souls of his generation. And an editor of philosophic bent (and editors have to be minor philosophers) will select among books not merely what you want, but (more important) what you may want, and, with temerarious judgment, what you ought to want. He will spread, like our colonial ancestors, a table more plenteous than any single guest may need. Take what you want, and what you can. But what do you want?

The pest who invented the terms "highbrow" and "lowbrow" has put a name on this controversy which blurs reality. It is not a question of intellectualism versus its opposite. Reading, no matter how solid, is never good for much unless it increases the sense of life and adds to the riches of experience. On what plane are you living; can reading raise it; if so, what reading? This is a question worth asking. In all the talk of art, reputation, success, technique, sales, popularity, one forgets that a good book is none of these things for a single ego, like yours, but only an experience that intensifies reality and increases its significance. Therefore the search for good books is broader than criticism, although it includes it, deeper than popularity though of popularity it must take heed; it is a search for first aids to civilization, and some of its discoveries will please the artists and some will not, and some will please the moralists, and some will not, and some will seem impossible reading to plain John Jones and some will warm the cockles of his heart. There is no formula for feeding the soul.

The BOWLING GREEN

Three Friends

I. ALPHA AND BETA

ALPHA: What an old darling Gamma is! He's so gorgeously genuine. Everything he does and says is perfectly characteristic of him, no one else would ever behave quite that way.

BETA: Yes, even the queer twirly hat is part of himself; and the way he sits on the edge of a chair, puts his hands on his knees and starts telling you something. His comic old face begins to shine with excitement, he rocks to and fro on his hams and bursts into screams of laughter—

ALPHA: He gets sort of fits when suddenly the grotesque comedy of everything bursts open inside him: gosh, if you could get a portrait of him like that, the wild doglike frenzy in his eyes, the perspiration bubbling on his forehead—

BETA: There wasn't any artist ever lived could quite catch him. But then take him when he's grave, something's gone wrong, maybe you tell him about some mess you've got into, that really lovely *concern* that comes into his voice. You just know the old rascal would quit whatever he was doing and come to the rescue.

ALPHA: I like to imagine him riding in the subway, grinning a little to himself over some absurd notion that's hit him.

BETA: He's always so quaintly polite among people he doesn't know; and underneath it you can see him sizing them up and either laughing or cursing inside. I love to see his old mind buzzing away.

ALPHA: Did you ever see him with women? Charmingly deferential, they love it.

BETA: Surely no woman could ever *get* him; that particular essence and virtue of his is too subtle for 'em; besides it needs a special kind of rather profane conversation to bring him out at his best—

ALPHA: I know some women who'd get him. Not many, but—well, two or three.

BETA: Hmm. I'm not so sure. Lord, don't let's talk about him: it makes me sore because I can't see him oftener. I just worship the old fool.—That heavenly simplicity of his, combined with such roaring sense of farce. He's a kind of child. That's why women can't possibly appreciate him. Did you ever know a woman who understood children?

ALPHA: You've put your finger on it. That's it, exactly. He has the mind of a child.

II. BETA AND GAMMA

BETA: I saw Alpha the other day. He was asking after you.

GAMMA: Good old Alf! He's a grand bird.

BETA: He's one of the few men I know you can say what you think to; and he won't hold it against you.

GAMMA: I like his ups and downs; he gets so comically depressed sometimes; you can't get a word out of him; then suddenly he comes through with some really terrific remark.

BETA: I wish I could spy on him when he's alone; I'll bet he's enormously comic, without knowing it.

GAMMA: It wouldn't be safe to spy on *anyone* when he's alone. We all manage to conceal our absurdities, to some extent. Thank God, even *you* don't know, old horse, what a fool I am.

BETA: One reason why Alf gets down sometimes is, he's so gruesomely honest. I mean, he really does try, if you give him half a chance, to say what he thinks about things. Poor fish, he's an idealist, that's why he's so bawdy sometimes.

GAMMA: The thing I like about him, you have a feeling that his mind really works: he carries a tremendous lot of stuff in solution up there in the dome, all kinds of queer stuff, carnal and spiritual.

BETA: Carnal, yes. "He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

GAMMA: I wonder if women fall for him?

BETA: They would, if he gave 'em a chance. He doesn't, if he can help it.

GAMMA: I doubt it. He'd want to tell 'em what he was really thinking; either it would be too rarefied, and frighten 'em, or too lewd, and—

BETA: For heaven's sake don't talk about Women as though there was one rule that applies to 'em all—

GAMMA: Well, isn't there? Be respectful to them and they'll never bother you. Old Alf isn't respectful enough, that's why he has to avoid 'em. He's too damned straightforward.

BETA: Oh, he has his own line of hokum too, to act as a smoke-screen.

GAMMA: Naturally. Bless his old heart, I love to see him buzzing along, trying to do a hundred things at once and cackling at himself now and then. Let's get hold of him for lunch one of these days. I want to hear about some of the comic things he's been hiding in his head. Behind all his racket he's as simple as a kid.

BETA: You know, that's just it. He has the mind of a child.

III. GAMMA AND ALPHA

GAMMA: Hello, old kid.

ALPHA: Why the deuce don't you give a fellow a ring once in a while? I ran into Beta the other day, we were saying let's the three of us have lunch and chew the rag a bit.

GAMMA: He's put over that deal with the movies, did you hear?

ALPHA: Yes, it's fine. I hope he'll hang onto the kale now he's got some; he's an unsuspicious old ass, it'd be just like him to let someone get most of it away from him.

GAMMA: He's an oddity all right: he and I were chinning about something or other, all the time I kept thinking what a really marvelous curiosity he is. You know that shy way he looks at you and then looks away, as though he's afraid you'd tell him you like him?

ALPHA: Yes, and just before he slides away he puts his hand on your shoulder, sort of gets it across by that gesture that he loves you. I don't care for that sort of thing usually, but with him it seems just right.

GAMMA: What he likes best is a good old twosome, to sit down quietly somewhere and unload himself gradually. You can't hurry him, and when there are several people he shuts down like a bivalve. But my word, if he gets well started he has some queer stuff to say; some devilish queer stuff.

ALPHA: After I left him the other day I did something *he'd* never do: I turned and watched him down the street. I always enjoy that fine straight back of his, his excellent clothes, and his genius for completely effacing himself in a crowd. No one would ever suspect how cunningly he's observing everything—

GAMMA: And how the old rogue blossoms when he's with people who understand, people he trusts! That bashful boyish solemnity that conceals so much fine wit. Don't you relish his grin? But it always seems turned inward, somehow; as though he was saving part of what he's thinking to mull over afterward.

ALPHA: I suppose we all are; that's the worst of it.

GAMMA: Every now and then something he says comes back to me long afterward; I remember vaguely some yarn of his about a girl he fell for very hard—

ALPHA: He doesn't talk much about women; and I'll say one thing, I never heard him pull any smoking-car stories.

GAMMA: That's a pretty good sign that he understands their ways. There's something about the cut of his mouth—

ALPHA: I think he's too thoughtful, really, to appeal to them.

GAMMA: Thoughtful? Why that's just what they love.

ALPHA: Yes, maybe, but that loveliest part of old B., the pure boyishness of him, they could never relish. It doesn't emerge often, he's too cautious, been battered too hard; but when it comes, he's perfect.

GAMMA: The patient old thing: how quietly he goes about his doings, simmering inside! And full of the most violent naive dreams. By gosh, he has the heart of a child.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

A Noted Socialist

FERDINAND LASSALLE. By GEORG BRANDES. New York: Bernard G. Richards Co. 1925.

Reviewed by JOHN SPARGO

THE occurrence this year of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ferdinand Lassalle is sufficient reason for the publication of a new edition of the well-known study of his life and work by Georg Brandes, the great German critic. First published fifty years ago in the old *Nineteenth Century*, there have been many editions of the essay, in many languages. If I am not mistaken, the last publication of the book in this country previous to the present edition was by Macmillan, in 1911. A literary masterpiece by one of the greatest of modern critics, the book is an acknowledged classic, belonging to that body of permanent literature which the world will not permit to die.

Other writers have told the story of Lassalle with fuller knowledge and greater wisdom than Brandes. His interpretation of the social theories and ideals of Lassalle the Socialist is misleading; it has not been confirmed by subsequent research and discovery. Instead, it has been shown to be so fundamentally defective as to be obsolete. Had it been otherwise, Brandes would have transcended the farthest limits of genius and attained the miraculous. When Brandes wrote, just fifty years ago, the materials for a definitive interpretation of Lassalle's Socialism were unknown to him, and, as yet, undiscovered. There was no complete edition of his speeches and miscellaneous political writings, to say nothing of those that were unpublished. No collection of his letters had been made. Indeed, as Morris Hillquit in his introduction to this edition reminds us, hundreds of these have been discovered and published during the past twenty-five years. Most important of all, Lassalle's correspondence with Karl Marx was not known then or for many years thereafter. In that correspondence the two men exchanged views, took counsel one with the other, criticised each other. Therein, as nowhere else, they portrayed the evolution of their own thinking. To suggest that any writer, even a great genius, (Brandes may not be that!) without any knowledge of these sources of vitally important information, could correctly interpret and evaluate Lassalle's contribution to the Socialist movement, including of necessity the relation of that contribution to that of Marx, is possible only to one wholly lacking the capacity for critical judgment.

* * *

The main outline of Ferdinand Lassalle's life is well-known and need not concern us here. Of the romantic side of his life Brandes is a sufficiently competent interpreter. It is when we come to his contribution to Socialist theory and tactics that the great Danish critic lacks the authority that springs from complete competence. Here his work requires to be checked up at almost every point, and his estimates and judgments corrected in the light of the far ampler scholarship and profounder scholarship of Edouard Bernstein.

The war and the Russian experiment in Bolshevist communism and dictatorship have placed the future of international Socialism in doubt. The old Socialism with its Marxian dogmatism seems to be dead. We are standing at what appears to be the crossroad of important historical developments. The practical value of such a book as this must lie in its competence as an interpreter and record. Already we are being assured that what has failed in Russia is a corpus of theory and practice fashioned and moulded by Marx; that what is surviving is a Socialism originally conceived by Lassalle and pushed aside by Marx and his followers. This alleged triumph of Lassallean over Marxian principles is being freely heralded as the one definite indication of the future. It is obvious enough that the value of any such generalisation depends in the first place upon the accurate understanding of what are presented as opposing forces. If we are to envisage the apparent tendencies of Socialist development as the emergence of Lassalle's ideals and methods after their long eclipse by the ideals and methods of Marx, there must be no doubt of our competence to define and identify the two forces.

It is precisely at this crucial point that Brandes demonstrably fails us. This can be easily enough indicated by a couple of examples. For detailed demonstration the interested reader must turn to the available sources. Brandes presents Lassalle as an ardent nationalist in contrast to the no less ardent internationalist, Marx; Lassalle as a German patriot, placing fatherland first and subordinating to it the social revolution, Marx as the man without a fatherland, placing first and above all the social revolution and subordinating to it the nation. This facile generalization, given currency by Brandes fifty years ago, has gone around the world and gained wide acceptance. Yet it is wholly untrue and extremely silly. On more than one occasion the rôles of the two men were exactly the reverse. That is to say, Marx was the ardent German, placing high value upon nationality and national unity, while Lassalle was the reckless revolutionist subordinating these things to the social revolution, much in the manner of the Bolsheviki of our time. Whoever will compare the attitude of Lassalle in 1859 and 1860 upon the Italian war with the attitude of Marx will see this. Contrast Lassalle's pamphlet "The Italian War and the Mission of Prussia" with Marx's "Herr Vogt" and the two pamphlets by Engeles (who was Marx's alter ego), "The Po and Rhine" and "Savoy, Nice and the Rhine," and the absurdity of Brandes's generalization will at once appear. Marx and Engels placed German unity and security above everything; Lassalle deliberately subordinated them to social revolution. The letters of Lassalle to both Marx and Engels prove this fully. Nor was this a solitary example.

* * *

Equally foolish and unfounded is the attempt to establish the contrast of a Marx feverishly urging revolutionary action and a Lassalle patiently depending upon evolution, to whom the "social revolution" was an abstract ideal for which he was prepared to wait generations, and perhaps centuries. The truth is that neither man was such a simple character as Brandes evidently believed. It is easy to show that on more than one occasion Marx and Lassalle clashed upon this issue, only it was Lassalle who favored violent revolutionary action, even armed insurrection, and Marx who opposed it. Certainly this was the case in the summer of 1862, when Lassalle wanted to start an armed insurrection.

I have cited these examples simply to indicate the serious character and importance of the defects in the Brandes interpretation of Lassalle the Socialist. Whoever relies upon that interpretation and upon it bases any estimate of Socialism in the past, or its probable future development, cannot fail to be grievously and even grotesquely wrong. The Brandes study is a valuable book, even a great one, but it must be read with critical cautiousness and supplemented and corrected by later and sounder scholarship.

Mlle. Genevieve Duhamelet has been simultaneously awarded two prizes from quite different sources: that of the *Académie de l'Humour Français* (for there is a prize for humorous works in France), and one of the Montyon prizes of the French Academy itself, for her book "Rue du Chien qui Pêche" (Bloud & Gay). This book has an interesting history. Mlle. Duhamelet was one of the young women who replaced men teachers during the war. Her pupils were gamins of the sort that develops early in the faubourgs of Paris—those who, with their native innocence and their miserable and corrupting enviroment arouse tears as well as laughter. The book is gay, however, with the true spirit of humor. The merit of the author is her capacity for presenting these children to her readers just as they are, and not painted over with any other art but truth. A book of genuine value. Mlle. Duhamelet has also written a profound study of Eugénie de Guérin, the celebrated author of the Journal. This volume will be the second to appear in the series "Les Cahiers feminins," which includes only books written by women.

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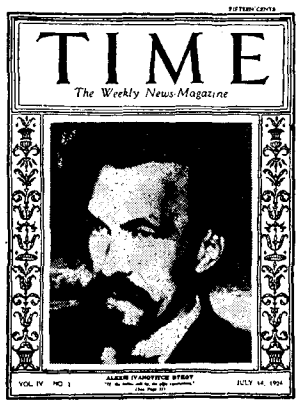

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TIME
Penton Bldg., Cleveland

A London Letter

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

How strange must be the life of a [illegible]. Though it may sometimes [illegible] disappointment, now and then it has a queer unexpected romantic side-wind which comes his way. Apropos of this perhaps rather remote remark, let me tell a tale which, as far as I know, has not yet been alluded to in print. Some time ago a distinguished, indeed a famous, Englishwoman, who has had a remarkable life from every point of view, wrote a book of short stories. The MSS consisted of one long story, and several quite short stories, and so, from a publisher's point of view, was very lopsided. After the book had been refused by several publishers, the head of a famous house expressed his willingness to bring it out if the lady would undertake to let him publish the reminiscences which she was known to be writing. He made no secret of the fact that he thought the stories poor, and that he did not expect the volume to cover the cost of publication. The collection of stories was duly produced under what most people would consider a remarkably bad title, and at a bad time of the year. It had not been out a week before the news went like wildfire through English society that the first, and far the longest, story, in the book, was an absolute transcript of two painful and exciting episodes in the author's past life. The little volume soon became, if not in the biggest sense of the phrase, yet in a very satisfactory sense from the point of view of the publisher, a "best seller." Twice in one day the present writer heard it spoken of by strangers, the first time being in an omnibus, the second time at a royal garden party. To my mind it is an amazing thing that whoever read the manuscript from a professional point of view, did not see how extraordinarily different was that first story from any other story in the book. It is easy to be wise after the event, but it seems to me that the first story "shouts the truth."

The lady's reminiscences will no doubt have a large sale, for she has known everyone in Europe worth knowing, but nothing in her biography however meek and eloquently written can hope to rival the strange and pathetic human document she has chosen to give the world under the form of what is called in the British magazine world "A long complete."

I have always felt a peculiar interest, not only in the writings, but also in the life of Lafcadio Hearn, and when in America last year I had the good fortune to be given a copy of Mr. Larocque Tinker's valuable book on Hearn's early life. I therefore rejoice in the news that Mr. Albert Mordell, the leading English authority on Hearn and his work, is shortly publishing in two volumes, various writings by Hearn which will appear in book form for the first time. The first volume is to contain the famous Ozias Midwinter Letters, and in the second volume there will be some sixty papers covering a wide range of subjects.

I have been told an amusing fact concerning John Masefield's forthcoming novel. The title, "Odtaa, or Change for Threepence," appears to mean nothing, yet, as a matter of fact it embodies a tragic fact about life which all of us have felt at some time or other, and which some unknown British lord of language embodies in a certain sentence for all time. Another Masefield book which is being eagerly awaited is his Passion Play, "The Trial of Jesus." This fine and most reverently conceived drama was beautifully acted in the Boars Hill Theatre.

* * *

Another Biblical play about to be published which is sure of at least a considerable "*succes d'estime*" is by Clemence Dane and is called "Naboth's Vineyard." In this poetic drama the author of "Will Shakespeare" has attempted new readings of the characters of Jezebel, King Ahab, and the usurper, Jehu. Much of the action actually takes place in the Vineyard itself, and the playwright makes full use of both the political and religious quarrels of the Israelites and their neighbours.

A number of people the other day were discussing the news that Mrs. Conrad has written a book on her husband, and someone observed, with truth, that Dostoievsky's second wife had rendered a great service to European letters by her book on the great Russian genius. I hear that Mrs. Conrad felt impelled to write an answer to the volume which was published immediately after Conrad's death by his one-time collaborator, Ford Madox Ford.

* * *

I have been reading, with absorbed interest, Mr. Van Wyck Brock's book on Henry James. With certain things he says I am in agreement, but I was well acquainted not only with Mr. James himself, but with many of his friends, and I entirely disagree with the view that he was not really liked or understood in what became his adopted country. Indeed I would go so far as to say that I can recall no English writer of James's own generation and sex who had so many devoted and affectionate friends. This was no doubt owing to the fact that he was one of those rare human beings who can throw themselves with intense ardor into the troubles and concerns of other people. Thus he was unaffectedly interested in any fellow-writer, however humble, with whom chance threw him in contact, and there was nothing in the least vague or uncertain in the advice he would tender concerning any form of literary work or business. May I give what I consider an irrefutable proof of his place in English hearts? Perhaps because I am French, I always attend the funeral, or the funeral service, of anyone I have known. This being so I go each year to many of these mournful gatherings. Now I have never seen so many people come out of a church with tears in their eyes, and betraying other signs of affliction, as I did on the occasion of Henry James's funeral service. It was held in Old Chelsea Church, close to the last home he made for himself in London, and most of the people present were no longer in their first youth. I remember hoping that he himself was there to see how truly he had been loved. He had a very tender feeling heart, and greatly valued the affections of those about him. Excellent as was the collection of letters brought together by Mr. Percy Lubbock, it is my considered opinion that the letters chosen give far more a picture of James the writer, than of James the man. This is owing to the simple fact that the majority of those who knew Henry James in an intimate sense did not care to allow extracts to be read from his letters. I will give but one instance of the several known to me. He was on terms of the most intimate friendship with Miss Rhoda Broughton, and went to see her, during her last stay in London, almost every day. Not a single letter from him to her figures in this collection. I can think of another lady, who is still living, to whom Mr. James wrote perpetually, and to whom he was, as he would probably have put it himself, most fondly and devotedly attached. She is, I think, not even mentioned in the published letters. Much the same thing happened with regard to the printed collection of Meredith's letters. Those who knew him best refused to allow the letters he had written to them to be published.

A privately printed book of which the price is £30 ($150) is a record of the famous Colonel T. B. Lawrence's account of his political and military adventures during the war. A manuscript of the same kind, which is not likely to be printed for a long time, and which I have had the privilege of reading, is a really admirable, straightforward, free from prejudice and free from rancor, war book, the outcome of the experiences of Colonel Bernard Freyburg, V. C. All those who have read Sir James Barrie's speech on Courage will remember his name.

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Fiction

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General

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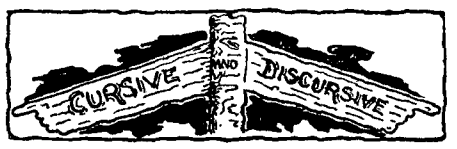

LATELY having been fortunate enough to inhabit a little bark house on the outskirts of a green wood, with a view of quite as green a field from the other side, I have been wondering in intermissions between the industrious rattling of my typewriter keys, just what Nature really does with herself all day. I know what *I* do with my time. I work ahead upon the imaginings of my futile yet interested brain. Nature outside, meanwhile, keeps up certain small noises, in deep essential idleness. It has been like that all summer, with Her, I suppose, and will be like that all winter, till next summer. The grass and the trees go on growing in a doting doze, the chipmunks keep on chipping and monking and the insects must daze themselves with the continuity of their persistent pecking at the silence.

In Nature everything happens slowly and there is always plenty of time. I hurry to my work and hurry away from it. I throw myself into it with gusto or with desperation. And every time I cease for a breather, there is Nature's entire indifference outside doing absolutely nothing. Sometimes it is infuriating.

My mind revolves many domestic and financial problems. My mind vibrates with worry over my work. I am constantly lecturing myself about what I ought to do and ought not to do. None of which interests Nature. She sprawls out there sleepily in the sun, and if she could talk probably all she would remark would be, "Well, what does it all matter, anyway?

"You fool yourself, my little man," Nature would probably lazily advise me. "You write at one of those agglomerations of ink and industry that you call a book. In spite of the fact that most of your year is spent in cursing other people for writing so many books you seize the first opportunity when you are alone with yourself to go and do likewise, to make more work for other people. You are entirely insincere and paradoxical. And the net result of all your imaginings that go into this book will probably, in the long run, do more harm than good. Look at me. I do nothing, or at least nothing that *you* would call anything. I merely have a simple, vast concern with general growth and decay. And the growth that I am concerned about is not the growth of thought. For thought at its furthest growth merely reaches the conclusion that everything is futile, a conclusion that I myself reached long ago. So I confine myself to watching the old humdrum pageants of the seasons, and the mere fact that a tree grows up out of an acorn and flourishes its leaves for a little while and then rots again into the soil is a spectacle that contents me. It means essentially nothing. It is merely a phenomenon. But a soothing one. I feel no sympathy for the tree. I feel, in fact, no sympathy for anything. Certain people have written about finding healing on the breast of nature. I can assure you, on the other hand, that nothing has so desperately bored me as the times when the futile little ants of human beings have flung themselves upon me with their empty sighs, their silly tears, or their ridiculous anger. These are all entirely futile manifestations. Why should anyone expect anything, strive for anything, or be disappointed if nothing happens? I am not. I am simply receptive. I suppose you will say that I have my thunderstorms and my earthquakes,—yes, and my volcanoes. But these are in no sense personal demonstrations. They simply serve to vary my fundamental tedium. I exist, in profusion, in passivity, in entire stupidity. That is my great blessing."

And I, of course, get extraordinarily irritated with Nature when I fancy her talking like this, and rush back to my work with a renewed and extravagant zeal. It seems to me that I am in dreadful danger of slipping into this awful inertia of hers. The stillness and permanence of a rock, the flat unresponsiveness of the earth under my feet, rather scares me. I want to put fire-crackers in tin cans and set them off all over the place. Make a big racket! Maybe that will wake up Nature!

But in Nature's ear it would be less than the frail whining of a distant mosquito at night. "The nice ear of Nature," indeed! What was Lowell thinking off! I sometimes think that Nature is as deaf as a post. She is certainly as dumb as a fish.

Well then, idiot, why try to personify her? Nature is a great many things, not one. Nature has no personality. I suppose the reason is that when the little restlessness of man is alone by itself, the surrounding carelessness of Earth so annoys him that he tries to make it into a personality that he can attack. Nature is femininely personified because Nature means birth and growth. But then there was the great god Pan, who has so long been dead and is so often resurrected. But there was something dæmonic and mischievous about Pan that I myself do not find in Nature. Nature seems to me a vast somnolent giantess rather than a goat-footed fluting god. There is something restless in the conception of Pan that does not suit with the entire carelessness of Nature. Man created Pan as a symbol that does not truly symbolize, although I do not know what the poets would do without him.

And yet there is another voice in me that says, "Let the Silence sink in. It *will* heal. Let this inertia relax all your mortal nerves. You are still full of the induced vibrations of sterile towns, you are a squirrel in a cage. Yet the door of the cage is now open. Only you still revolve your cage with furious industry, and are, in reality, getting nowhere."

So insidious is the influence of Nature. I may be getting nowhere, but there are certainly several very definite things to be done and duties to be performed.

"Duties?" echoes Nature with slow amazement. "But I have no duties? What are duties? I have never undertaken to fulfil any obligations. I am here. I do not know why any more than you, but I have never been so utterly foolish as to try to inquire. While you and all your kind have built around yourselves a great complexity of necessities and duties and rules and regulations, I have done nothing whatever to justify myself. Why should I? I cannot possibly justify myself, since I do not understand anything except birth and brief life and the death of everything in its time and season, and the new birth of everything else on the heels of it. So I simply exist and observe. Which is the only thing that is at all sensible!"

"Nonsense, Nature!" I say briskly and emphatically. "Perfect nonsense!" But I am disturbed, and I sit for a long time thinking of nothing. Then I get furiously to work upon this futile article trying to mock away an influence that I cannot help feeling is entirely pernicious to a busy editor, even on a vacation!

W. R. B.

Foreign Notes

IN HIS "Das Haus am Ballpatz" (Munich: Verlag für Kulturpolitik), Baron Musulin, who drafted the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia which set the world on fire, presents the record of a well-meaning man whose capacities were not equal to a great emergency. His Memoirs are in a way an apologia, but they are not convincing when they come to the matter of the fateful events of July 1914. The defense he presents in that connection is that he acted merely as an amanuensis, the tragedy of his career having been, as he writes, "to have risen sufficiently high to see how things happened, but not sufficiently high to have a share in the decisions." According to him, the statesmen who decided upon the ultimatum fully expected it to be accepted by the Serbian Government, and were greatly surprised at the storm of criticism it aroused in the world at large. His book, aside from this portion of it, is a valuable work, presenting much information of interest to the student of Austrian politics and diplomacy.

* * *

The second volume of "Die Schlacht bei St. Quentin, 1914," edited by Kurt Heydemann (Oldenburg: Stalling), is like the first official monograph on the subject, a vivid picture of a modern battle. The narrative makes no attempts to conceal the shortcomings of the Germans, and presents a chronicle of confusion and lack of coherence and coördination.

(*Continued on page* 146)

Delightful Papers
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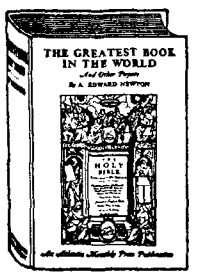
A. EDWARD NEWTON is already well known for his "Amenities of Book-Collecting", "A Magnificent Farce", and "Doctor Johnson", his play in which eighteenth-century men and women live again.

"The Greatest Book in the World and Other Papers" deals in part with the interests and joys of book-collecting. "The Greatest Book" is, of course, the Bible, and Mr. Newton knows all the rare editions. Certain chapters are devoted to the fascinations of colored plates and of volumes on sporting.



The chapter on the Godwin-Wollstonecraft-Shelley group will find especially eager readers at this time, when new works on Shelley and Keats are being read. Other chapters treat with enthusiasm the great plays and players, the "shows", the musical comedies, and the popular songs that have captured the public.

To secure a copy of the First Impression of the Trade Edition—profusely illustrated, crown 8vo, half boards, gilt top, $5.00—order from your bookseller at once. The Large Paper Edition (limited to 470 copies, of which 450 were for sale) autographed by the author, with three additional plates in color, has been oversubscribed, but your bookseller may have copies.

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"In his natural amusement over the Pepysian goings-on with wives and other women, the author has not said all that might have been told of Pepys, the patriot and public servant, the clerk who rose to be the Secretary of the Navy and all else. We shall not, however, quarrel over that, for in J. Lucas-Dubreton's—and Mr. Stenning's book—we have a rich and convincing portrait of a pleasant sinner, showing a man so companionable that who would rather not spend an hour in his company than even a lifetime with some such improving and notoriously admirable person as, say, Dr. Isaac Watts or Mrs. Hannah More, or even Mr. Gladstone?"

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list be - are noted here as received. Many of them will be received later.

Belles Lettres

WHAT A MAN TOLD HIS SON. By ROBERT TORRINGTON FURMAN. Les Penseurs. 1924.

This small volume contains a series of short essays written as from father to son and dealing with various phases of modern life and thought, particularly with the religious, philosophic, and economic problems underlying society. At best experience is a difficult commodity to pass on to others, especially to the young. It is almost certain to become a drug on the market unless it happens to be concealed with enough humor, charm, and individual flavor to make the reader forget that a moral is being continually pointed. One is rather too conscious of "purpose" in this small volume, though much could be said for its sincerity and the conciseness with which the different problems are stated and discussed.

Biography

PRESIDENT WITHERSPOON. By VARNUM LANSING COLLINS. Princeton University Press. 1925. 2 vols. $7.50.

John Witherspoon, like some of the other early American college Presidents, lived on two continents, and he wove himself into Scottish Kirk polemics, New World education, and Revolutionary politics. So versatile a man makes a hard subject for the biographer, and still more for the student of character. Mr. Collins has earned credit in that being secretary of Princeton University, he has written a great deal more than simply the story of a President of that institution. There seems to have been one master trait in Witherspoon that took the lead in all his diverse activities, and that held the other components of his character much in subjection. Witherspoon was inspired by a keen Scots critical faculty that took the direction of dissent. During his earlier years, he fought the Moderate Presbyterianism of Scotland in pamphlet and pulpit. He developed a mordant gift of satire, such as survives sometimes in Puritan souls that have suppressed in themselves both the softer emotions and the franker graces of expression. Yet when the offer of the Princeton Presidency came to him, the broader kindliness of the men cropped but in spite of him, and though eager to go, he deferred to the objections of a timid wife, and would have stayed in Scotland, had she not ultimately overcome her fears. Once in America, he became an advocate of Scottish colonization, an earnest partisan in Continental politics, and at the same time, a college head of the most modern type, traveling, speaking, "doing publicity," hunting funds and students. Full of affairs and full of fight, whig and member of the Continental Congress, he kept his lofty contempt for the pleasures of life; found time to write on the sinfulness of the drama; and told a lady who found no flowers in his garden: "No Madam, I have no flowers in my garden, nor in my discourse either." Mr. Collins gives us a vivid picture of him: a strait, doughty man, a dissident by nature, and yet by force of circumstances a builder when he found constructive work immediately to his hand.

ARNOLD BENNETT. By *Mrs. Arnold Bennett.* Adelphi Co. $2 net.

MAKERS OF NAVAL TRADITION. By *Carroll Storrs Alden and Ralph Earle.* Ginn. $1.25.

H. L. MENCKEN. By *Ernest Boyd.* McBride. $1 net.

MY EDUCATION AND RELIGION. By *George A. Gordon.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.

SAMUEL PEPYS. By *J. Lucas Dubreton.* Putnam. $2.50.

NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE. By *Walter Geer.* Brentanos.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD. By *J. G. Swift MacNeil.* Little Brown. $4.00 net.

FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR. By *Michael Pupin.* Scribners. $2.

THE LIFE OF JOHN BRIGHT. By *George W. Trevelyan.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Drama

25 SHORT PLAYS (INTERNATIONAL). Edited by FRANK SHAY. Appleton. 1925. $4.

This volume is merely another indication of the fact that the English-speaking races have surpassed all others in their mastery of the technique of the short play. The play from Australia, "The Accomplice," by A. Marshall, is good but would be better if "Soul" were renamed "Conscience" as the two are certainly quite distinct. The Canadian representative: "Brothers in Arms," by M. Denison, is a delightful little skit of an "efficient" man who tries to hurry a lazy backwoodsman. England's play: "Pan in Pimlico," by Helen Simpson, is a charming bit, concerned with the eternal element in love. "The Marriage," by Douglas Hyde, is a typical Irish whimsey about a fiddler who wheedles gifts out of stingy neighbors for the new bride who has been kind to him. The play which represents America is certainly not America's best effort. The same might perhaps be said of all this collection. In striving to publish new plays, the editor has not been able always to choose the best.

Fiction

FAME. By MICHELINE KEATING. Putnam. 1925. $2.

Her publishers announce that Miss Keating was 18 at the completion of her novel, thereby affording us an explanation of certain characteristics which are often the accompaniments of literary immaturity. These are most conspicuously evident in the youthful author's susceptibility to massive rococo interiors, extravagant and barbaric costumes, exotic scents and weird eccentricities of person, her awed wonderment over the physical and aesthetic charms of her characters, a naive enthusiasm for the life of the theatre as it does not exist, and the creation of exaggerated surface contacts whose psychological sources are never penetrated. Miss Keating's work seems to follow the conviction that, in order to prove interesting, fictional people must be abnormally brilliant, or appallingly sinful, or artistically eminent, or immensely rich, or fearfully notorious. By carrying out this theory each one of her vague, but towering, personages becomes a super-this or-that which bears no distinct semblance to a reality in the mind of the reader.

Briefly, the tale is the story of Namour, the illegitimate daughter of a celebrated actress who until her late teens has been safely reared in a convent, untouched by the pernicious atmosphere of her mother's world. The girl comes home to live permanently with the still gay and amorous *artiste.* Here a general bedlam of chaotic emotions and heart complications is let loose. Namour's hectic and incredible experience of love, sorrow, disillusionment, marriage, wealth, achievement and happiness fills the balance of the tale. Miss Keating seems to have gracefully mastered some of the difficult first steps of her craft and despite her crudities shows enough aptitude to warrant a hopeful view of her future.

THE FIRE WOMAN. By W. P. LAWSON. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

Mr. Lawson, in selecting for the materials of his story a fanatical religious sect of primitive, Mexican flagellants, the "Penitentes," said still to survive in the Truchas Mountains of Arizona, gave himself an enviable opportunity for the manufacture of gripping, imaginative horrors. But he has missed grasping his chances by a wide margin, for instead of producing something unusual, he exhibits merely a conventional lurid melodrama with a brave American heroine, fiendish Mexican ruffians, and a stalwart forest ranger hero. It is true that in the course of the narrative we are given several "close-ups" of the "Penitentes" celebrating their dread torture rites with whips, crucifixions, and mystic incantations, but even these unpleasant high spots moved us to no responsive creeps.

THE SECRET OF BOGEY HOUSE. By HERBERT ADAMS. Lippincott. 1925. $2.

Although Mr. Adams's mystery novel seems to us a minor member of the populous tribe, he has known how

(*Continued on next Page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding Page*)

to keep the action humming, the interest high, and the flimsy secret impregnable to the end. One might be over-exacting to demand more, but in our reading of the book we felt that we were being led on by a deliberately fostered expectancy of great doings just ahead which invariably failed to materialize. The story concerns the efforts of one young Englishman to solve the enigma of another young Englishman's death, the latter having met with foul play while a guest at the oddly managed and strangely peopled hostel, Bogey House. Love, smugglers, smooth rogues, fabulous thefts, sinister intrigues, subterranean caves complicate the pursuit of our Sherlock's activities. The turns and twists of the story's progress are accomplished with numerous quiet surprises, but they are not fired at us with enough explosive power. They fail to deliver the all-important "kick," without which a mystery yarn is as ineffective as a rickey devoid of gin.

HARD WOOD. By ARTHUR O. FRIEL. Penn. 1925. $2.

Primitive love, ferocious hatred, feuds to the death, moonshine, arson, stark all-round cussedness among the rugged hillbillies of Northern New York, are the rough ingredients of Mr. Friel's romance. There is lacking in it any trace of the quaint beauty by which tales of this sort are sometimes saved from utter stupidity. The imagined people are a herd of surly, savage animals, battering and killing one another in constant outbursts of brutish fury. Harry Wood, nicknamed "Hard" because of his general toughness, is the mountaineer hero. His part demands that he conform strictly to the standard design of his type, and this he does in approved penny-dreadful style.

EYES OF INDIA. By GERVE BARONTI. Macaulay. 1925. $2.

This is a novel peculiarly difficult to appraise briefly without giving a misleading idea of it. There is much that s very fine in it: an inherent honesty in its conception, a plain sincerity and integrity in its thought and feeling. If the total impression it leaves is not that of an entire success something may be due to the extent and complexity of what the author has tried to do: perhaps an attempt to cover too much ground. It aims to give much of the varied background of life in India: native, half caste, and intruding European and each in its reactions to the others. Many brilliant and quite convincing pictures emerge: of the life of the tea planters in Assam and, at the other end of India, in Madras, glimpses of Benares, of the Mohammedans of Calcutta, and also of the jungle. But this, after all, is background, although it is the sort of background which is an integral part of the whole, not mere stage setting.

The central theme, so far as it can be detached, is the unsatisfactoriness of conventional marriage, as illustrated, by contrast, in the portrayal of an entirely, idyllically satisfactory extra-marital union. The hero of the tale is unhappily married to a nonentity when he and another woman meet. The wife leaves him, placidly enough, and he and Cynthia live together—and that is all.

BEHIND THE RANGES. By ANNE SHANNON MOORE. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

This is something distinctly above the usual level of the wild West yarn, although the conclusion of the piece rather peters out as it runs into the familiarly melodramatic clean-up with an assortment of shootings and the expected "clinch." There is a certain freshness in the *mise-en-scene*, which presents a remote section of Oregon, "behind the ranges" a forgotten tract of high plains bordering a desert, far from a railroad. It is still cattle country and the inhabitants are ranchmen, big and little. The skeleton of the plot is the usual conflict between the aggressive big ranch owner, with capital, and political "pull" and the earlier settler. The values of the book lie in its able character drawing and in the capable handling of its dramatic situations. It holds the interest well.

MARSH LIGHTS. By RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

The ancient triangle is here revived and put through some fairly entertaining, if not very startling, tricks, whose execution strains neither the credulity of the reader nor subjects the characters to emotional conflicts beyond the bounds of reason. Barring infrequent lapses into sentimental gush, the book is respectably written, and its people evolve logically the succession of incidents leading to the critical summit of their three-cornered love affair.

THE WOLF MAN. By ALFRED MACHARD. Clode. 1925. $2.

Melodramas relating the trials and perils of unjustly imprisoned convicts are scarcely a novelty, nor does the present version of the theme prove an exception. Leon Barnier, the Valjeanesque hero, is here presented in the manner of Sue, and particularly reminiscent of the latter, are M. Marchard's crew of French criminals, the Secret Society of Escaped Convicts, who take their refugee brother into the security of their own hiding-place. It is ten years since Leon's escape from confinement to penal servitude in the tropics, twenty years since sentence was passed upon him for a murder which he did not commit, and in the decade of his reclaimed freedom he has settled among strangers, prospered modestly under another name, married happily, becomes the father of a little boy, Boubou, and a widower.

It is during the nuptial feast of his second marriage that Leon, now forty-five, is forced to take flight from the police who, having unearthed his identity, have him cornered. But five days have to elapse for the expiration of the twenty years' sentence at the end of which, by French law, Leon will be a free man and exempt from apprehension by his pursuers. Taking the beloved Boubou with him in the disguise of a girl, Leon heads for Paris in an endeavor to hold his precious freedom for the fateful five days. The Brotherhood of Escaped Convicts gives him sanctuary on condition that he stain his hands once more with human blood. What follows develops and moves with commendable swiftness, despite the creaking of materials which have grown shaky and decrepit from over-use. The story is an ideal, readymade victim for the knives of the Hollywood butchers, who at least would not be mangling a masterpiece in adapting the text to movie presentation.

THE NEGLECTED CLUE. By ISABEL OSTRANDER. McBride. 1925. $2.

This posthumous detective-murder tale seems thoroughly to deserve the attention of Miss Ostrander's former following, for it measures up very creditably with the best of recent and numerous volumes of the same kind which we have read. Its use of certain approved mechanics, grown seedy and transparent from repeated adoption, is sagacious and subdued. In fact the old "stuff," generously oiled, freshly painted, working without a squeak or a hitch, achieves a state of surprising rejuvenation.

The story revolves about the death of Alma Leigh, a beautiful and wealthy widow, who has chosen to live in the quiet seclusion of Edendale, a Long Island village. Her friendly and affluent neighbors know nothing of her past, though it is apparent that she has been and still is a person of exceeding brilliancy and distinction. Late one night she is murdered on the terrace of her estate by a deep stab wound in the breast. No trace of weapon or murderer is found, nor is there any faintest clue to indicate the identity of the guilty. Dr. Oakes, the village coroner and his friend Peterby, an elderly retired stock-broker, set forth upon a manifold investigation, which necessitates the following of innumerable false leads growing out of the exciting revelations they unearth from the dead woman's carefully guarded past. The successive steps in the dénouement are taken in full view of the reader, and the interest in the unraveling of the mystery is well sustained.

DOODAB. By HAROLD A. LOEB. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

This is another novel composed under the spell of James Joyce. It traces the fortunes of Henry Doodab, an unhappy, volatile creature oppressed by his wife and the inhuman business world. When after twenty-two years of service Henry loses his job, he flees to the mountains. Failing to become a miner, he returns to the city, and, wandering through its streets, finds temporary comfort in a dream world inhabited by a fantastic race of savages, whom he leads in battle against the forces of philistinism. His now diseased fancy transforms a locomotive into a tank; he dashes forward to

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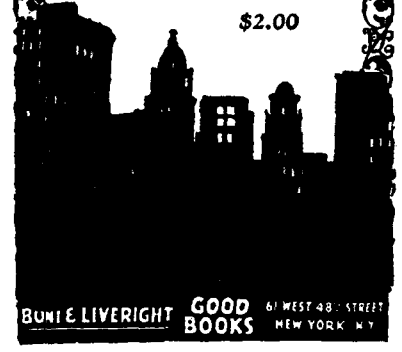

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a futile, heroic death. The author contrives to win our sympathy for Doodab, but only in this moment of unique, quixotic destruction. Up to that point, the careless, disjointed sentences, the carefully spoken epigrams, the periodic Rabelaisianisms, and the self-conscious mental ramblings which constitute the bulk of the volume are not sufficient to bring any person or scene to life, and in the bowl of squirming, rebellious phrases set before one, no stable element is discoverable, save perhaps the author's mental attitude of revolt.

MEADOWLARK BASIN. By *B. W. Bower*. Little, Brown. $2 net.
THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE. By *Willa Cather*. *Knopf*.
OCTAGON HOUSE. By *Gertrude Knevels*. Appleton. $2.
THE PENCILED FROWN. By *James Gray*. Scribners. $2.
THE ISLES OF WISDOM. By *Alexander Moszkowski*. Translated by H. J. Stenning. Dutton. $3.
THREE WOMEN OF ANNAM. By *Cl Chivas-Baron*. New York: Frank Maurice. $2.50.
SOAMES GREEN. By *Margaret Rivers Larminie*. Houghton Mifflin.
WHAT A MAN WANTS. By *Howard Vincent O'Brien*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
HAJJI BABA IN ENGLAND. By *James Mories*. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.
SWEDEY. By *Ethel Hueston*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.
A VIRGIN HEART. By *Remy de Gourmont*. Translated by Adous Huxley. Adelphi. $2.50 net.
GAMBRINUS. By *Alexandre Kuprin*. Adelphia. $2 net.
GREEN BUSH. By *John T. Frederick*. Knopf. $2.50 net.
THE RED CORD. By *Thomas Grant Springer*. Brentanos. $2.
THE MARRIAGE GUEST. By *Konrad Bercovici*. Boni & Liveright. $2.
JOHN MACNAB. By *John Buchan*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
COLD HARBOUR. By *Francis Brett Young*. Knopf. $2.50 net.
THE LOST GOSPEL. By *Arthur Train*. Scribners. $1.50.
HULINGS' QUEST. By *McCready Huston*. Scribners. $2.
HIGHLAND ANNALS. By *Olive Tilford Dargan*. Scribners. $2.
THE GRAND ECART. By *Jean Cocteau*. Putnam. $2.
RASP. By *Philip Macdonald*. Dial. $2.
THE SHIP BEAUTIFUL. By *C. R. Allen*. New York. Warne.
MAD MARRIAGES. By *George Gibbs*. Appleton. $2.
THE GRACE OF LAMB. By *Manuel Komroff*. Boni & Liveright. $2.
DOCTOR TRANSIT. By *I. S.* Boni & Liveright $2.
MR. PETRE. By *Hilaire Belloc*. McBride. $2.50 net.
THE UNHURRYING CHASE. By *H. F. W. Prescott*. Dodd, Mead. $2.
THE GREAT PANDORA. By *William J. Locke*. Dodd, Mead. $2.
THE RELUCTANT DUCHESS. By *Alice Duer Miller*. Dodd, Mead. $1.75.
THURSDAY'S CHILD. By *Mary Wiltshire*. Dodd, Mead. $2.
SYCAMORE BEND. By *Frazier Hunt*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
HERBS AND APPLES. By *Helen Hooven Santmeyer*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
THE SECRET OF CHIMNEYS By *Agatha Christie*. Dodd, Mead. $2.
SOMEWHERE SOUTH IN SONORA. By *Will Levington Comfort*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
CRAIG KENNEDY ON THE FARM. By *Arthur B. Reeve*. Harpers. $2.
LITTLE SHIPS. By *Kathleen Norris*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
ECLIPSE. By *S. P. B. Mais*. Brentanos. $2.
THE HOUSE OF MADAME TELLIER. By *Guy de Maupassant*. Translated by Marjorie Laurie. Brentanos.
THE MISTY FLATS. By *Helen Woodbury*. Little, Brown. $2 net.
THE PIT-PROP SYNDICATE. By *Freeman Wills Crofts*. Seltzer. $2.
THE IRON CHALICE. By *Octavus Roy Cohen*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

Juvenile

THE BOYS LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT. By *William O. Stevens*. Harpers. $1.75.
MARK TIDD IN ITALY. By *Clarence Buddington Kelland*. Harpers. $1.75.
RED PLUME. By *Edward Huntington Williams*. Harpers. $1.75.
THE BOY SCOUTS' CRAIG KENNEDY. By *Arthur B. Reeve*. Harpers. $1.75.
THE LITTLE GREAT LADY. By *Harriette C. Campbell*. Harpers. $1.75.
OCEAN GOLD. By *Edison Marshall*. Harpers. $1.75.
THE MIRACLE MINE. By *W. A. Rogers*. Harpers. $1.75.
BUNNY PLAYS THE GAME. By *Alden Arthur Knipe*. Harpers. $1.75.

Miscellaneous

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG. By DON C. SEITZ. Lincoln Mac Veagh: The Dial Press. New York. 1925. $4.

Mr. Seitz owns a fine library of books about piracy, and from these he has compiled short histories of thirty or forty notable pirates. These histories, together with a few chapters on piracy in general, and on certain groups of sea-robbers who had no famous leader, comprise this book,—another volume in Mr. Mac Veagh's series, "The Rogue's Library."

The book is of respectable length, but the chapters are usually short. Some of them are headed with the redoubtable names of Thomas Tew, Joseph Bradish, John Quelch, Edward Teach, called "Blackbeard," Stede Bonnet, Edward England, Farrington Spriggs, William Fly, and Jean Lafitte,—fine names all, and ones to have delighted Stevenson or Conan Doyle. Indeed, Israel Hands, a former [illegible] appears in this book, as does a Doyle's rattling stories of [illegible] a pirate of the novelist's own [illegible]. The book abounds in appropriate names. Charles Leymay, Edward [illegible], and "a new hand named Partridge," are among the *dramatis personæ*.

The reader who hopes to make his blood run cold will be disappointed in this book—unless the bare mention of pirates, cutlasses, solid shot, gallows and hangings will do it. Some persons profess to get excited at the mere word "piracy"! Mr. Seitz makes a rather unnecessary reference to persons who are shocked at any interest in robbers and villains. These are mostly straw men; how many of them did Mr. Seitz ever meet? "Under the Black Flag," despite its romantic title, is a pretty sober history of the pirates, and should be consulted with this fact in mind.

FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS WOMEN. Harpers.
INDIANS OF THE ENCHANTED DESERT. By *Leo Crane*. Little, Brown. $5 net.
THE CYNICS CYCLOPAEDIA. Little, Brown. $1 net.
WINGED DEFENSE. By *William Mitchell*. Putnam. $2.50.
THE USES OF BANK FUNDS. *By Waldo F. Mitchell*. University of Chicago Press. $2.
FLORIDA REAL ESTATE LAW AND FORMS. By *Patrick W. Murphy*. Miami, Fla. Royal Palm Express.
THE CORRECTION OF SPEECH DEFECTS. By *Helen W. Peppard*. Macmillan.
STANDING UP TO LIFE.. By *Frederick A. Atkins*. Revell. $1.25.
THE MEDICAL FOLLIES. By *Morris Fishbein*. Boni & Liveright. $2.
THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE. By *Isabella Reid Buchanan*. Appleton. $1.25.
PUBLIC UTILITIES AND THE LAW. By *William W. Wherry, Jr.* Writers Publishing Co.
THE ANATOMY OF THE LAW. By *Adolph J. Rodenbeck*. Little, Brown. $4 net.
BRYAN AND DARROW AT DAYTON. By *Leslie H. Allen*. Lee. $1.75.
MYSTERIES OF THE SEA. By *J. J. G. Lockhart*. Stokes. $3.
PERIL OF THE SEA. By *J. G. Lockhart*. Stokes. $3.
ANNAPOLIS: ITS COLONIAL AND NAVAL STORY. By *Walter B. Morris*. Crowell. $3 net.
THE ART GUIDE TO PHILADELPHIA. By *Edward Longstreth*. Longstreth: Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
HUNTING WITH THE BOW AND ARROW. By *Saxton Pope*. Putnam. $2.50.
IMPRESSSMENT OF AMERICAN SEAMEN. By *James Fulton Zimmerman*. Columbia University. (Longmans Green).

Philosophy

THE PASSING OF THE PHANTOMS. By C. J. PATTEN. Dutton. 1925. $1.

The author's purpose in this little volume is to trace the evolution of mind and morals from their meagre beginnings in the higher animals to their highest manifestations, as he regards it, in the non-superstitious order of scientific thinkers. This group constitutes but a small minority of mankind but is growing steadily. It is characterized by its refusal to assert or deny questions concerning phenomena which are outside the range of experience; its moral stand is taken altogether on the firm foundation of evolutionary evidence, recognizing that there are fundamental rules of morality apart from any imaginative conceptions of the super-natural.

The superstitious order, representing the religious sects generally, holds to the belief in super-natural beings which are superior to the fixed order of nature and which are imagined to be in the form of human beings. This order has its root in the imaginative faculty which tends to be over stimulated until the "power of faith, rather than the power of reasoning takes the position of paramount importance in morals." Just as superstition with the acceptance of beliefs in anthropomorphic deities has its roots in imagination, so the social instinct, which is at the basis of much of man's ethics, has its root in filial affection.

The mental and moral powers of man, the author shows to be present in the higher animals. While there can be no doubt regarding the indications of emotional feelings and intelligence in the higher animals which the author recounts and which have been observed countless times before by all animal lovers, exception may well be taken to some of the interpretations which he makes as hardly within the bounds of the scientific method.

Poetry

THE SONG OF THE INDIAN WARS. By *John G. Neihardt*. Macmillan. $2.25.
TROY PARK. By *Edith Sitwell*. Knopf. $1.75 net.
THE SEA WALL. By *Lyman Sharman*. Toronto: Macmillan.
AMERICAN POETRY, 1925. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
POEMS. By *Irwin Edman*. Simons & Schuster. $2.
YOU WHO HAVE DREAMS. By *Maxwell Anderson*. Simon & Schuster. $2.

Leave it to a Frenchman

MANY writers of our time have deserted English solidity for French worldliness and wit (Arlen, Van Vechten, Huxley et al.) And we have enjoyed it to the extent of making best sellers of their books. How much more will we revel in the real thing, a novel by the incomparable cosmopolite who gave us OPEN ALL NIGHT.

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Points of View

Morris's Press

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Elmer Adler's review of "The Kelmscott Press and William Morris" reminds me that your readers might be interested to know that Morris's own press has been purchased by Spencer Kellogg, Jr., and is at his private print shop at Eden, New York. Mr. Kellogg leaves the production of castor oil to others and runs a book shop, called Aries, on Delaware Avenue in Buffalo. We are all interested to see what will come from his latest toy at Eden. If any of your staff come to Buffalo, please have them interview Mr. Kellogg (who I think fancies himself a second Morris) and let us know what manner of man he is. From casual acquaintance, I should say he was the sort of chap who would read "The Blind Bow Boy" in bed. But he certainly picked a most commendable hobby.

Very truly yours,

The Bibliotaph

ANSLEY NEWMAN.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In the issue of August 8 of your magazine Mr. D. DeJagers inquires concerning a book-collector's book containing the sentence: "he didn't wear clothes—he dwelt at large in them". The book in question is "The Bibliotaph And Other People," by Leon H. Vincent, and the collector therein called the Bibliotaph was, in real life, John De Witt Miller. It is a charming thing and never gained the circulation it deserved. It was published in 1899 by Houghton Mifflin.

PAUL JORDAN SMITH.

Claremont, Calif.

"May Days"

To to Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

"May Days," the *Masses Liberator* Anthology of Verse 1912-1925, to be published this fall by Boni & Liveright, will contain about three hundred poems, numbering nearly two hundred poets. With the exception of the nineteen listed below, the addresses of the vagrant two hundred have, after much difficulty, been run to ground. Will you extend me the courtesy of your space to notify these uninformed of my intentions; and in a general way, to request their permission?

John Amid
Seymour Barnard
G. B. Birrel
Francis Biddle
Mac Knight Black
Stanley Boone
Elizabeth Colwel
Ralph E. Goll
Floyd Hardin
Bolton Hall
Will Herford
Annie Higgins
Sara Hammond Kelley
Florence Ripley Mastin
Charles Oluf Olson
Gen. Isaac R. Sherwood
Lizinka Campbell Turner
Esther A. Whitmarsh
Miriam Vedder

Any communication concerning the poems should be addressed to me at New Preston, Conn.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

Johnsonia Asked

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

A Life of Andrew Johnson—Lover of the Union—is in preparation by Robert W. Winston of the University of North Carolina. Letters, addresses, authentic incidents etc. of President Johnson will be appreciated by the author.

ROBERT W. WINSTON.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

The New Books

Travel

(*Continued from preceding Page*)

MOTOR RAMBLES THROUGH FRANCE. By FRANK C. RIMINGTON. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $5.

Many digressions appear in Mr. Rimington's account of his two motor journeys, one from Monte Carlo to Dieppe, and the other from Boulogne to Nice. There are passages devoted to the censure of Germany, the cubists, the Bolshevists, and even the persecutors of St. Joan. The author pauses to deplore the downfall of war-time idealism and the League of Nations, declaring that knowledge of the world's present condition makes for loss of faith in the Divine, but that "a corrective to such moods of intellectual rebellion . . . . is supplied by the marvelous perfection of even the simplest little flower we pluck by the wayside." Mr. Rimington has not chosen to explore the unseen or to emphasize the arresting, but to describe with historical allusions, what need not escape the eye of any conscientious tourist.

FROM MELBOURNE TO MOSCOW. By G. C. DIXON. Little, Brown. 1925.

What starts out by being an archly entertaining and good-humored travelogue, Sidney to Canton, begins there to get heavier and heavier with political and social opinions, until by the time we reach Harbin, our tourist obviously realizes that "a lot is expected from him" both at home and at Home—as these Antipodeans still call England. The responsibilities of his increasing baggage ages him a trifle. The "reports" still remain most readable, but the Stevenson mood has merged into Madeline Doty's or Claire Sheridan's.

Mr. Dixon, a journalist, has not before left Australia—and he ventures to broadcast north of the Equator his evaluations of Russian, Japanese, and Chinese customs and conditions! Well, let him,—everybody's doing it. Australia, Madagascar,—or United States, for that matter,—are stiff springboards from which to dive deep into the elder maelstroms of the world and emerge laded with either pearls or sponges.

But if you like Travel Books, you'll thoroughly enjoy Mr. Dixon's port-holes, car-windows, lobbies and rickshas.

1700 MILES IN OPEN BOATS. By CAPTAIN CECIL FOSTER. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $4.

When the S. S. *Imkenturm,* five thousand gross tons, of the German Hansa Line, interned at Sourabaya, was taken over by the British shipping controller at the conclusion of the war, the old girl, launched ten years before at Flensburg, never imagined she would contribute a stirring chapter to the annals of the sea, and the glory of the Red Ensign, used by British merchantmen long before the invention of the soviets.

They changed her name to *Trevessa* just for luck, and on the 15th of May, 1923, she steamed from Port Pirie, Australia, laden with 6,564 tons of zinc concentrates. The cargo was improperly stowed, as the voyage proved, the concentrates being impervious to moisture and of high specific gravity. F. P. A. would at once note that the zinc would sink; and it did, on June 4th at 2.15 A. M. in Latitude 28.45 S. and Longitude 85.42 E.

The book contains a complete record of the ship, her crew, and the events leading up to the foundering, Number 1 hold being flooded by the opening up of the plates, due to tremendous pounding in a heavy sea. The most dramatic part of the narrative, to the reviewer, is Captain Foster's description of the discovery of the leak. It's a great story.

THROUGH THE PHILIPPINES AND HAWAII. By FRANK G. CARPENTER. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $4.

This compilation of Mr. Carpenter's syndicated newspaper articles on the Philippines and Hawaii will be the sixteenth and probably the last volume to appear from his pen. He died in China a few days after he left the Philippines on his way home.

What makes Mr. Carpenter's Philippine observations especially trenchant and valuable is the fact that the author is able to draw first-hand comparisons between the Philippines as they were left to us by Spain and the Philippines of today. He wrote a series of descriptive articles on the Islands at the time of American occupation, and in the present volume brings out the marvellous changes for the better that have come about in the quarter century that has elapsed between his visits.

Mr. Carpenter does not take sides in the burning question of Philippine independence, but in a separate chapter briefly and succinctly sets forth the viewpoints and arguments of all interests concerned with a solution of the problem. Two excellent chapters on Hawaii are included. The book is profusely illustrated with original photographs.

LEAST KNOWN AMERICA. By A. EUGENE BARTLETT, New York: Revell. 1925. $2.50.

As the title suggests, this is a chronicle of journeyings through the hinterlands of America. Dr. Bartlett, whose style resembles the traditional travelogue talk "with illustrations" takes us through the back country of New Mexico and Arizona, through Newfoundland, Labrador, and the Isle of Rum, along the Demerara at the tip of the southern continent, and in other parts not less unfrequented by the conventional tourist. If Dr. Bartlett were a more fascinating *raconteur,* this might be an extraordinary book of travel. As it is, the places and the peoples visited are so intrinsically interesting, one sets aside the book as reference for that golden hour when he shall be able to venture forth to see for himself what is so obviously well worth seeing.

Religion

THE HEALING GODS OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATION. By *Walter Addison Jayne, M. D.* Yale University Press. $5.

ROMAN CONVERTS. By *Arnold Lunn.* Scribners. $3.50.

INTERCHURCH GOVERNMENT. By *Clarence R. Athearn.* Century. $3.

THE TRIAL OF JESUS CHRIST. By *Andrew C. Bisek.* Progressive Press; 1282 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago.

Sociology

THE HISTORY AND PROSPECTS OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. *Edited by Harry Elmer Barnes.* Knopf. $5 net.

SOCIAL CLEAVAGES IN TEXAS. By *Weston Joseph McConnel.* Columbia University (Longmans, Green).

GUILLAUME DE GREEF. By *Dorothy Wolff Douglas.* Columbia University (Longmans, Green).

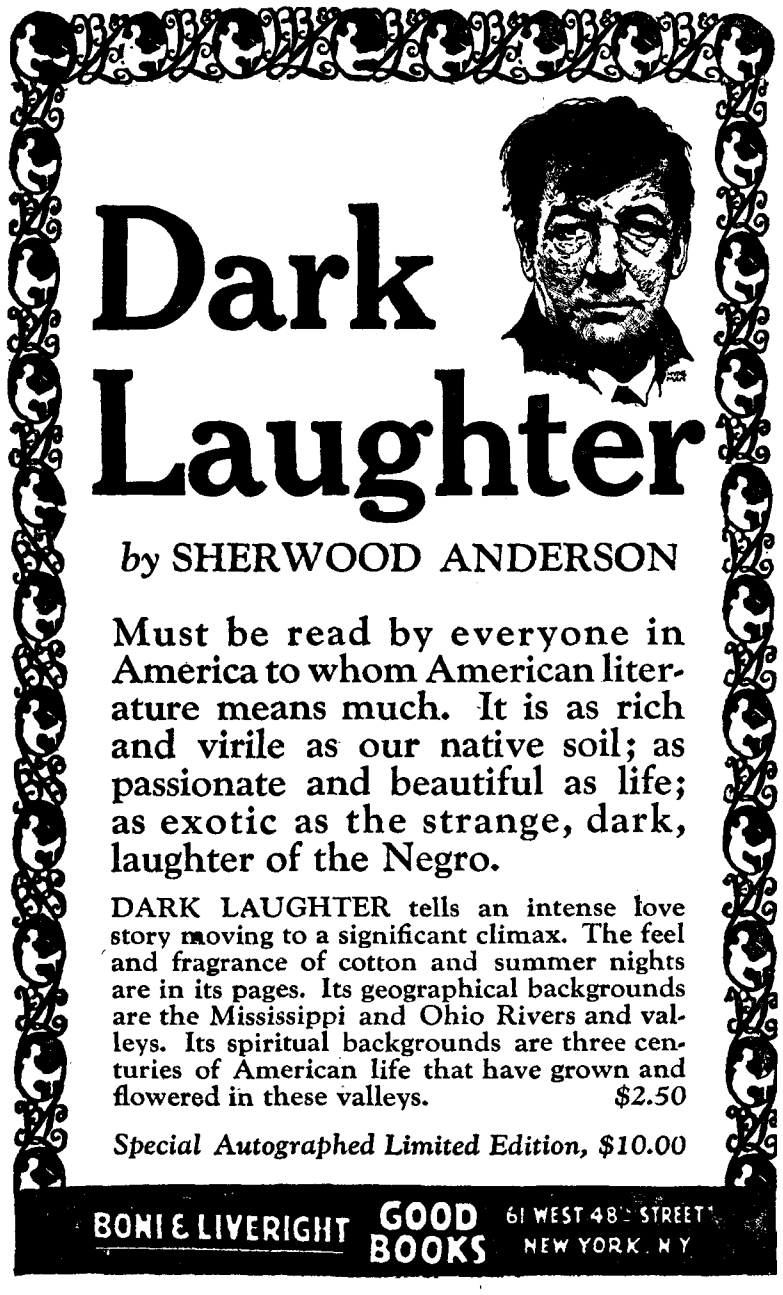
SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF TODAY. By *Grove S. Dow.* Crowell. $2 net.

THE EMPIRE AT WAR—Edited by SIR CHARLES LUQAS. Oxford University Press. 1925. $9.35.

Following three previous volumes, which deal exhaustively with the parts played in the late war by the United Kingdom and Ireland, Canada and the American possessions, and Australia, this fat book deals with equal comprehensiveness with the Union of South Africa and all the African Colonies and Protectorates. By far the greater part of the volume is concerned with the skirmishes, or so they appear contrasted with the war in Europe, on the African Continent. A few chapters relate the contributions of the African islands and one short chapter attempts to summarize the activities of the South African Expeditionary Force on the Western Front. As a work of reference for the historian there is undoubted merit in the book. But to the lesser seekers of verities, it is both formidable in appearance and dry in content.

Henri Béraud, a new edition of whose famous "Le Martyr de l'Obese" was published in June at one hundred francs by Emile-Paul, brings out a new novel entitled "Au Capucin Gourmand" (Michel)—this being the name of the inn in which the story is told. It is the strange but intensely human story of a peasant in the French province of Dauphiny in the XVIII century, who loves his wife Jeannette. Soldiers come to their village and they give lodgings to a sergeant, who tries to seduce Jeannette. When her husband, Lèbre, rescues her the sergeant boxes his ears; and when Lèbre, enraged, calls for a sword, the sergeant ridicules him. Maddened by the crime and the ridicule, Lèbre goes away to the war, and some time afterwards he meets and kills the sergeant. Returning to his village after fifteen years of absence, during which he has had adventures of all kinds, he seeks out his wife and, finding her no longer attractive, treats her brutally, becomes involved in an intrigue with a strolling actress who is also a thief and teaches him her trade, and winds up in prison condemned to be broken on the wheel. A curious story, whose value lies in the living reality of the character of Lèbre.

Stories of life on submarines are infrequently written. M. Bernard-Franck publishes "En Plongée," a group of stories about life under the sea which are both instructive and amusing according to M. Claude Ferrère who writes the preface. M. Bernard-Franck's first book, "Le Carnet d'un Enseigne de Vaisseau," was prefaced by Robert de Flers and was widely read.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FIVE STAGES OF GREEK RELIGION

By Gilbert Murray

Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford

276 pages. $3.75

This is a revision of the earlier work "Four Stages of Greek Religion" which has been out of print for several years. A new chapter on "The Great Schools" and a few corrections of errors in the first edition are the principal changes.

"The scholarly caution and restraint, the discriminating spirit, which marks the whole book, added to the unusual dignity and charm of style, makes it one of the most delightful studies of the inner life of Greece that we have seen."—*The Churchman.*

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

SUMMER. By Romain Rolland (Holt).

HYPATIA. By Mrs. Bertrand Russell. (Dutton).

THE GREATEST BOOK IN THE WORLD. By A. Edward Newton. (Little, Brown).

W. H. S., Middletown, Conn., asks if there is a small, clearly printed abridged classical dictionary at not too great a price, in print in English.

THERE is a "Smaller Classical Dictionary," edited by E. H. Blakeney, one of the volumes of the inexhaustible and indispensable Everyman's Library (Dutton). This costs less than a dollar. All three of the classical dictionaries most often found in libraries, public and family, in the United States, are now out of print, but should not be difficult to find. "Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities," edited by Harry Thurston Peck, costs six dollars. It has all the topics under one alphabet, brief reading lists, and many illustrations. The "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities" of Sir William Smith, first edition 1842, was last published in America (3rd edition) by Little, Brown; the "Concise Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities" based on this, with over 1000 illustrations, was published by Holt in 1898.

C. C. T., Philadelphia, was so delighted with "The Hawk's Nest," by George Sterling, in the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, *that she went to the library there to find something else of his and found that his name was not even catalogued.*

THE titles of the volumes of George Sterling are, in order of appearance from 1908, "The Testimony of the Suns," "A Wine of Wizardry," "The House of Orchids," "Beyond the Breakers," "Ode" for the opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, "Yosemite," "The Caged Eagle," "The Binding of the Beast," "Lilith" and "Rosamund" (plays) and "Sails and Images." In 1923 Holt published his "Selected Poems"; the others are published by Robertson, San Francisco. A play, "Truth," has appeared since. Mr. Sterling was born at Sag Harbor and now lives in San Francisco; C. C. T. has a hawk's nest of her own on the top of a windmill at Shelter Island.

O. M. T., Indianapolis, Ind., asks for books on the art of the dance, classical, Spanish, and ballet.

"THE Antique Greek Dance," by Maurice Emmanuel (Dodd, Mead), is translated by W. J. Branley; it is a famous work with over six hundred illustrations. "The Dance: Its Place in Art and Life," by the Kinneys (Stokes), describes with photographs and diagrams the different schools of ballet, the national dance of Europe and the Orient, and some of the modern dances. "The Russian Ballet in Western Europe," by W. A. Propert (Dodd, Mead), is a gorgeous and expensive work describing the career of the ballet from 1909 to 1920. A delightful biography is that of Enrico Cocchetti, written by Olga Racster; "The Master of the Russian Ballet" (Dutton). It has a grateful and characteristic preface by Pavlova. The *Revue Musicale*, Paris (Nouvelle Revue Française), devoted one of its remarkable special numbers—December 1, 1921—to "Le Ballet au XIX Siécle" with many contemporary illustrations, and one of the best essays in Stuart Henry's "French Essays and Profiles" (Dutton) is on "The Great Era of the French Ballet." I wish some of these stately and magnificent entertainments would be brought to America, for instance, "Les Indes Galantes" of Rameau, lately revived with loving fidelity to tradition.

In Horatio Parker's "Eighth Notes" (Dodd, Mead) there are several studies of great dancers of our time, and for the very latest along these lines there is of course Gilbert Seldes's "The Seven Lively Arts." "The Dance in Education," by A. and L. Marsh (Barnes), has all the music too. While for the philosophy of the dance and its place in the life of man, I prefer the noble study by Havelock Ellis, "The Dance of Life" (Houghton Mifflin). [One of the world-classics of dancing, as important as Playford's "English Dancing Master," has just been translated into English for the first time. This is the "orchesography" of Thoinot Arbeau, published at Langres, France, in 1588. The translation is made by Cyril W. Beaumont and published by him (in England) also in a special limited edition. It is in the form of a dialogue with a pupil.]

E. D. D., Saratoga Springs, N. Y., looks for a play of Revolutionary or Civil War times, to be given by a patriotic society for money-raising purposes, and asks about Bronson Howard's "Saratoga."

THIS was one of his very first plays, written at the period when playwrights might use unabashed the devices of the aside and the soliloquy, and while the subject makes it peculiarly appropriate for this place and purpose, it is not so much of a play in itself as his "Shenandoah." This is not beyond the powers of amateurs, if they will content themselves with an off-stage horse for Sheridan's ride. Clyde Fitch's "Nathan Hale" (Baker) is a good choice for a Revolutionary play; his "Barbara Frietchie" (French) and "Captain Jinks" (French) have such pretty costumes that they would take the mind of an audience off the slips that have been known to take place in amateur productions. Pinero's delightful "Trelawney of the Wells," for instance, I have seen given by high-school casts with about as little talent or training as possible, and somehow a few rehearsals in costume put them into the picture beautifully.

G. H. E., Philadelphia, Pa., asks for an elementary book on etchings, woodcuts, lithographs.

"ETCHING and other Graphic Arts," by George T. Plowman (Dodd, Mead) and follow it with Frank Weitenkampf's "American Graphic Art" (Macmillan).

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There were too many good ones—

so the judges had to award 29 autographed copies of *The Constant Nymph* instead of the 25 originally advertised. And even that leaves at least 150 excellent letters unrewarded.

Here are the names of those who, in the opinion of a committee of leading booksellers, best answered the question, "Why is *The Constant Nymph* the best-selling book in America?"

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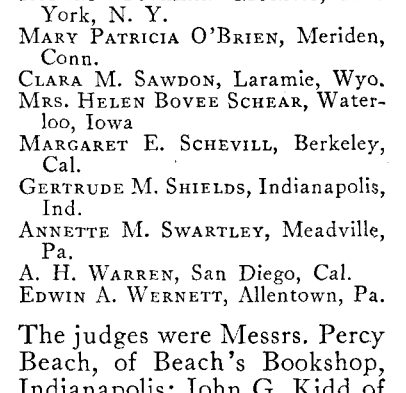
The judges were Messrs. Percy Beach, of Beach's Bookshop, Indianapolis; John G. Kidd of Stewart Kidd, Cincinnati; and Frederic Melcher, Editor of The Publisher's Weekly.

Here is one of the winning letters that is short enough to quote:

"In Dodd, there is all the dramatic insufficiency of Genius; and in Teresa, the tearing, tearful tragedy of the Understanding — but — Ungifted. The man has the qualities, the eccentricities even, that brighten each ego's dreams; and the girl, the disillusioning inadequacies that darken the hopes of the myriad. . .Thus each of the many finds portrayed some part of what, poor soul, he is; thus each of the many finds revealed some part of what, poor soul, he would be."



The autographed copies of THE CONSTANT NYMPH will be mailed at once to the winners.

Meanwhile, anyone can buy THE CONSTANT NYMPH at the nearest bookstore—$2.00

Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Phoenix Nest

ONE thing we like about the firm of *Albert* and *Charles Boni* is that their American Library, which now contains over twenty titles, is reviving certain powerful American writers who are, in this illiterate day and generation, too little remembered. * * * This Fall they come out with the "Collected Stories and Tales of *Fitz-James O'Brien*," with an introduction by the contemporary *Edward J. O'Brien* (as seems quite suitable, so far as nomenclature goes). * * * E. J., who annually gleans among the short stories of the year for what he considers the best, remarks of the famous Fitz-James that his stories "are the creative result of a very powerful intellect playing with considerable intensity upon an interior life of great depth and terror, and not only registering with precision its own reactions to the discoveries, but formulating a philosophy as daring as Poe's. The best of his short stories call for no apologies, except our own for neglecting them so long." * * * Which is accurate and well stated! * * * In October the same firm is to publish a new and notable symposium upon the Negro. This is particularly timely. Some of the contributors to it are *Sherwood Anderson, Paul Robeson, Paul Kellogg, Frank Tannenbaum, Countee Cullen, W. E. B. du Bois, James Weldon Johnson, Walter F. White, Jessie Fauset, etc.* * * * We hear that *Llewelyn Powys's* "Skin for Skin" is vividly interesting. And, if you speculate about the remarkable Powys brothers, read Llewelyn's account of them in the September *Century*. * * * Llewelyn Powys has now bought a remote cottage on the Dorchester cliffs, where he and his wife, *Alyse Gregory*, former managing editor of the *Dial*, have recently gone to live. * * * So *J. Maynard Keynes* is engaged to *Lydia Lopokova*, the celebrated Russian dancer! * * * Keynes is an art patron as well as an economist, possesses a remarkable collection of modern pictures, and belongs to a syndicate that retains certain painters at an annual fee for first call on their pictures. * * * He is associated with a sort of Ministry of the Talents in London, which includes, among painters *Duncan Grant* and *Mrs. Clive Bell*; among novelists, *Virginia Woolf*; among biographers, *Lytton Strachey*; among sculptors, *Frank Dobson*; with *Roger Fry* and *Clive Bell* standing for art, scholarship, and æsthetics. * * * In the heart of the old whaling town of Nantucket, *Wilbur Daniel Steele*, author of "Taboo" and many short stories and other novels, has remodeled for himself a fine old Colonial house which has everything but a furnace. He will continue to write there until mittens and a fur coat become necessary! * * * *W. R. B.* of our kindred column, "Cursive and Discursive," has received much information about *General Charles King*, having recklessly mentioned him in connection with some remarks about *Harold Bell Wright*. * * * It seems that W. R. B. gave one to understand that the famous military novelist was dead,—whereas recently, at the advanced age of eighty, he rode his own horse in the Wisconsin State Fair horse show, entering his mount in competition in the military class. * * * General King is attached to St. John's Military Academy as an instructor. He is a veteran of five wars, being the only officer in the entire army ever to have been awarded campaign medals for all five. The citizens of Milwaukee take a great pride in the record of the doughty General. * * * Whatever W. R. B. may or may not have said, there is one book of General King's that has quite properly become a classic. This is his juvenile novel about West Point, "Cadet Days"—the best fictional picture of the United States Military Academy that has ever been drawn. * * * There is a modern youngster of our acquaintance who has already read and re-read "Cadet Days" at least five times! * * * And there are plenty of people to testify that the backgrounds of General King's stories of Army life in the early days are entirely accurate. To this indeed, W. R. B. tells us, he takes little exception. He simply recognized in the General a *flair* for the same sort of psychological treatment that Harold Bell Wright affects. * * * Well, long may the General wave! Nowadays, when the author of popular novels often salts away many hundreds of thousands of dollars, it seems too bad that the General never realized much (monetarily) from his own once enormously popular work. His was the epoch before noted novelists could buy country places and motor cars with their royalties! * * * To Dutton's Today and Tomorrow Series, *Rebecca West* now contributes a new volume, "The Future of Sex." Well, to judge by all the publicity Sex has been having of late years, its future ought to be bright! * * * A modern satire of most social schemes and philosophies, that is said to suggest in its method "Gulliver's Travels" and to have aroused lively discussion in Germany, is "The Isles of Wisdom" by *Alexander Moszkowski*, which has just been translated and brought out over here. * * * *Harold McGrath* is reported as saying that he writes merely to amuse people, and we think it worth noting that he adds,

> I never, in my stories, attempt to tell people how to live, because they will do as they darn please anyway.

Which, in these days of open or thinly veiled propaganda, is an exceedingly refreshing statement! *Booth Tarkington* has at *last* run to earth a copy of *Sir Richard Tarkyngton's* Diary, "Tarkynton's Pylgrymage," published in 1517, the oldest diary of travel in the English language. * * * The dramatization of *Ben Travers's* "The Cuckoo in the Nest" is having a successful early season in London, and may be brought over here. * * * Her publishers sent *Margaret Kennedy* the hundred thousandth copy of "The Constant Nymph," specially bound for a wedding present, when Miss Kennedy recently married *David Davis*, former secretary of *Asquith*. And there was a pocket in the box containing the handsome royalty cheque already earned by "The Constant Nymph"! * * * *Stark Young* returns to *The New Republic* from dramatic work on *The New York Times*. You can now get his book of children's plays, "Sweet Times and the Blue Policeman" through Henry Holt. * * * Finally, from Shenandoah Avenue, Saint Louis, comes the following interesting communication from *Edwin Hutchings*. Note it well!

> Your reference to *W. H. Carruth's* evolution verses, in the *Phoenix Nest* for August 22, prompts me to remind you of a little book compiled in 1915,—"Evolution: a fantasy by *Langdon Smith* * * * with correlative poems, selected and edited by *Laurens Maynard*." It contains some twenty poems, including Carruth's, and is of especial interest at this time. Laurens Maynard, one of the founders of Small, Maynard & Co., was a most delightful personality, who thought it was preferable not to be wholly sane.
>
> Will you take a message for your friend the sturdy Dane, the Oaken Peg, *P. E. G. Quercus*, who wafts along with the Trade Winds? Please tell him, in answer to his inquiry of August 29, page 91, that *Wolcott Balestier, Kipling's* brother-in-law, spanned the three-decade period from 1861 to 1891, and was the inspiration for Kipling's Dedication to "Barrack Room Ballads." *Balestier's* "Benefits Forgot" was published posthumously, 1893. * * *

And so, with the info. that *Achmed Abdullah* has signed contracts for the publication in Paris (in French translation) of his complete works, at the rate of two a year—we now close our chronicle for this particular sennight. *Pax Vobiscum!*

THE PHOENICIAN

Foreign Notes

(*Continued from page* 140)

Marshal Bassompierre is one of the romantic figures of French history, a dashing and successful if not a great soldier, a gay and genial cavalier, a Don Juan who declared that he had burned no less than 6000 love letters, an ambassador and host of tact and lavishness, and a loyal supporter of the Crown under Henry IV, the Regent Marie de Medicis, and Louis XIII. Basing his work on Bassompierre's journal which was first edited and published fifty years ago, Paul M. Bondois has produced an admirable life of the French Marshal (Paris: Michel). A sympathetic chronicler, but not a hero-worshipper, his book is scientific in method, though lively in style.

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"Once again the reader is held thralled by her characters, and once again he is excited and stimulated by the exercise of following the sudden angles and turns of her plan. Of all her brilliant contemporaries, she is most palpably getting on with the novel, is most assuredly shaping its destiny here."—Laurence Stallings in *The N. Y. World.* $2.00

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

BIOGRAPHIES FOR COLLECTORS

THE Fall list of the publications of Houghton Mifflin Company contain several new biographies and collections of letters that will be of interest to collectors of American first editions. One of these is "The Life and Letters of John Burroughs" by Clara Burrus, which its publishers say is a "splendid and realistic portrait that makes the great naturalist and philosopher live again; a book that should take its place beside Boswell's 'Johnson,'" which is a strong endorsement, indeed. Another is "Letters of Bret Harte," edited by Geoffrey Bret Harte, now first published and said to be "full of character and humor" and "tell in detail the story of his romantic career." Still another important book is the "Diary and Letters of Josephine Preston Peabody," edited by Christina H. Baker. From her sixteenth year to her death, three years ago, Josephine Preston Peabody kept a diary which was largely concerned with the poet's thoughts, ambitions, the arts she loved, and the joys she created herself. It is said to be one of the most vivid and living journals, showing a gallant spirit and intensity of artistic feeling which make it comparable to the "Diary of Marie Bashkirtseff." A highly stimulating volume and one of interest to students and writers of history is "William Hickling Prescott, His Life and Writings shown in His Correspondence, 1833-1847," transcribed and edited by Roger Wolcott. These letters of one of the greatest of American historians include those written in the early years of discouragement and trial, continue through his first successes, "The History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," "The History of the Conquest of Mexico," and "The History of the Conquest of Peru," and end in 1849, when he reached worldwide recognition. All four of these works contain many letters of the greatest literary interest and are now published for the first time, making these well worth owning in their original editions.

ON READING BOOK CATALOGUES

GEORGE H. SARGENT contributes a very readable article "On Reading Book Catalogues" to the September number of *Antiques*. If you are a collector of books, he observes, you read the catalogues that come in your mail as a necessary matter of business. But if you are a true biblophile you read them for mental pleasure and profit. Catalogues differ as much as the men who make them. Mr. Sargent concludes as follows:

"Every book auction catalogue reveals something of the owner of the books himself, especially if he is the cataloguer or if the books, as frequently occurs, bear owner annotations which are repeated in the catalogue. The Johnsonian will find delight in the catalogue of Topham Beauclerk, who is said never to have loaned a book. The student of printing will have a great deal to interest him in the catalogue of the Hibbert Library. The collector of Americana may nowadays draw upon a collection of book catalogues which themselves form a considerable library. First edition collectors may gain bibliographical knowledge and much pleasant information from the catalogues of collectors of "firsts," like that of the late John Quinn. Prefaces and introductions must, of course, be read. Usually these are written by the auctioneer's cataloguer, and are frankly nothing but an advertisement for buyers, but now and then some collector wishes to say a word for himself or his books. Richard LeGallienne even dropped into poetry in a foreword to the catalogue of the sale of part of his library. It is easy to tell which owners have been readers of their books, and which ones have bought with an eye to a possible parting with their treasures. Personally, I like the catalogue of a collector who has also been a reader with a love for the old, the quaint and the rare in books. Many a pleasant, if not a profitable hour may be spent in the reading of such literature. And who shall say that the stimulus given to imagination by the mere names of books is not worth while?"

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF "INK"

THE August number of the New York Public Library *Bulletin* contains the first part of a bibliography, or reference list of the "Chemistry and Manufacture of Writing and Printing Inks," compiled by William B. Gamble, with an introduction by H. M. Lydenberg, chief reference librarian. This instalment contains 244 items in many languages and only reaches the letter H (Hendricksen). It will probably require two more parts to complete the list. No one but the specialist would ever dream that so much had been written about ink, and certainly specialist and outsider, connoisseur and casual inquirer, will appreciate the labor, research, and patience required to compile this bibliography. Some of the many problems which this subject raises is indicated by a single paragraph from Mr. Lydenberg's introduction:

"Why should some writing inks fade, for instance, and why should fading be so unusual with printing inks, black inks, that is to say? How have our present methods come down from the earlier times when men had more time, or thought they did, to make things properly? If the paper used in our books is poorer in quality than that used fifty or a hundred years ago, how is it that the inks are not appreciably worse? Why, if black ink seems permanent, do the colored inks fade when exposed to sunlight? It is not uncommon to find writing inks that have eaten the paper that they were printed on, but did any one ever see such an attack by printer's ink? Can we get fast colors in inks with our present methods? Do our inks differ radically from those of the early days of printing, and how did those early inks differ from what the scribe used in his work? If it is possible to make for writing purposes an invisible ink, has any one tried to do the same for printing? Why in all the stories of international criminals has no one thought to use a book printed in invisible inks, while the literature of diplomatic spies bears on nearly every page a story of the use of kindred writing ink? Are there any qualities of ink that have to be taken into consideration by the designers of printing presses, or is it such an obliging substance that the maker of the press can say to the maker of the ink, "Here is the place and the shape of the fountain, and you must adapt your ink to what I am willing to allow you?" Why is it that prices of inks have been so little affected by the war? And how do they compare with those of the past century? Dozens of questions like these come to the mind of anyone who has wondered how a book is made, or who has ever cared to see what makes the book and how it grows and is translated from the mind of the author through composing room and paper mill and press room and bindery into that familiar shape with those familiar black marks on white paper we accept with so few questionings."

NOTE AND COMMENT

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH, in his "Charles Dickens and Other Victorians," which was recently published, says "I do not see what writer we can choose to put second to Shakespeare save Dickens." He qualifies this sweeping statement by saying "I am talking of sheer creative force."

* * *

About a year ago the headmaster of the Bungay Grammar School, an English boys' school, made the statement that while boys will read the works of James M. Barrie and George Bernard Shaw, they will not look at the works of Scott or Dickens. The remark has led to not a little observation and discussion, and now the consensus of opinion seems to be that there are more volumes of Dickens borrowed from libraries by boys in England than that of any other classic or modern fiction writer. It would be interesting to know whether this is the condition in America.

* * *

In a report of the recent International Book Fair at Florence in the *Publishers' Circular*, the writer says: "The books that have aroused the most enthusiasm are, of course, the beautifully illustrated books for children which only exist in Italy in a very rudimentary form. The drawings of Rackman and Dulac are perhaps the most popular and every volume illustrated by these two artists have been sold."

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AMERICAN TURF REGISTER and Sporting Magazine, volume 15, 1844, also the following numbers or the engravings,—Vol. IV, October 1832, Indians gathering wild-rice. April 1833, "Timolion."—Volume VII, June 1836, "Tramp"—Volume VIII. November 1836 "Felt"—Volume XIV. April 1843, "Grey Eagle," January 1843, "Fashion."

Memorials of the Discovery and Early Settlement of the Bermudas, by Sir J. H. Lefroy, 2 vols. London 1877-79.

Down the West Branch by Capt. C. A. J. Farrar.

Heroes and Heroines of the Grand National.

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In Acadia, Ficklin, New Orleans, 1893.

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